THE BOOKMAN

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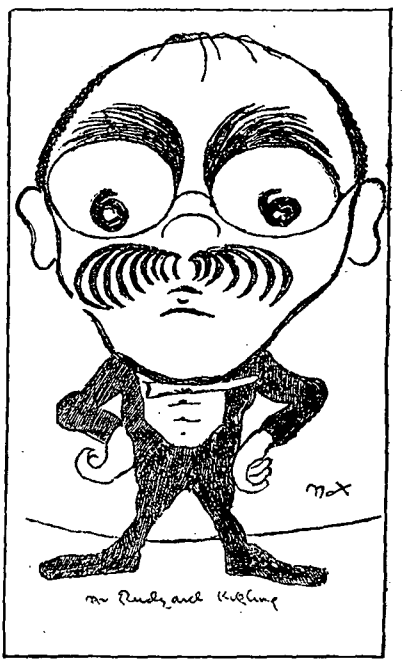
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not: and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Of the greater and more stirring episodes of the war this is no place to write. The bookiest bookman, no less than the most vociferous Jingo, must be thrilled by them and must, for the moment, wish that his pen-work could be done in a sphere that might enable him to give full vent to his patriotic exultation. All that we can do, however, is to note and comment upon those minor incidents which have some remote relation to literature or at least to journalism. We are amused, for instance, to observe how the newspaper correspondents colour their reports to suit the popular fancy. Thus, we imagine that Captain Robley D. Evans of the battleship *Iowa*, must at some time or other, from month to month, and on some subject or other, be able to open his mouth and make at least a casual observation without introducing into it the word "hell;" but the newspaper men will never allow him any other form of locution. This is because they have been industriously parading him before the country for many months as "Fighting Bob," and so they are bound to see that he never says anything, in print at least, that is not as sulphurous as the smoke of his thirteen-inch guns.



RUDYARD KIPLING AS HE APPEARS TO MAX BEERBOHM.

Drawn for a schoolboys' magazine in England.

Very characteristic, also, is the official despatch of Major-General Shafter to the Secretary of War on July 4th, announcing with much gravity that when the army before Santiago heard the news of the smashing of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the regimental bands at once started in to play *A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night*. Fancy a major-general in the British service, imbued with all the pipe-clay traditions, telegraphing to the War Office a formal announcement of that sort! But this is just where General Shafter is so characteristically American; for an American in the matter of war gets out of the thing not only all the fighting there is in it, but also all the fun; and the fighting and the fun are both first-class.

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We are sorry to hear that, owing to the depressed condition of the bookselling trade caused by the War, the Doubleday and McClure Company has decided to postpone the publication of Dr. Conan Doyle's *Songs of Action* until the autumn. The book has just been issued in England by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company and Mr. Doyle has proved, what indeed he showed long ago, that he can write good, stirring verse. There is perhaps nothing better in the book than "The Song of the Bow" which appeared many years ago in *The White Company*. Mr. Doyle has all the qualities essential to the popular singer of the hour, and not even Rudyard Kipling can better catch the rhythm of rough riding or marching tunes. What comforting music for the sincere sportsman is in this:

Christopher Davis was up upon Mavis,
And Sammy MacGregor on Flo,
Jo Chancey rode Spider, the rankest outsider,
But *he'd* make a wooden horse go.

Such rhyming is not to be sneered at. It is made after an instinctive pattern; it is a natural aptitude with children—"Hey diddle-diddle" is immortal. There are spirited echoes of Macaulay's Lays; there are soldiers' ballads that stir the blood; there are ditties for those who find the country a fine place to be restless in, and there are one or two songs of genuine and restrained pathos. If Mr. Kipling be first favourite with the soldiers there is no question but that Mr. Doyle should be their laureate's lieutenant, and that huntsmen and golfers should have his songs in their hearts and upon their lips. Mr. Doyle's versatility is further shown in "The Groom's Story" which appeared recently in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is exceedingly humorous, and in this vein the author need fear no comparisons. A "big, bay 'orse" which has never shown any pace in all his life is harnessed to a motor car and the car suddenly starts off and makes the animal forge ahead at a terrific speed—here are three of the verses:

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt! it was a sight.
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse as ever lived by far,
For all the country Juggins thought 'twas 'im wot pulled the car.

'E was stretchin' like a grey'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew;
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do;
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im on a'ead,
Till 'e broke the ten-mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.
Some say it wasn't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,
But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's good enough for us.

The news comes to us direct from Tokyo, Japan, that an interesting book on the modern history of Formosa is being put through the press there by Messrs. Kelly and Walsh. The author is Mr. James W. Davidson, United States Consular agent on the island, who has been in the Far East for three years as a newspaper correspondent. During the rebellion in Formosa he was with the Chinese army for three months, and afterward with the Japanese army of occupation for six months. He has enjoyed the privilege of being the only newspaper correspondent on the whole island. He has devoted a great deal of attention to his book which will be an extra octavo of some four hundred pages with numerous illustrations, engravings and maps. Mr. Davidson, we may add, was a member of the Pennsylvania Arctic Exploring Expedition in 1893-94.

The Century Company will publish in the autumn a remarkably candid record of adventure on sea and land in the antipodes, entitled *The World's Rough Hand*, by Mr. H. Phelps Whitmarsh. Mr. Whitmarsh was a foremast sailor at one time, a "sundowner" in Australia, a beach comber and a pearl diver. He has been a careful observer, and has already shown unusual skill in weaving his experiences into narrative in several clever and boldly original sea stories which have appeared from his pen in the *Century Magazine*. A new edition of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, *Far in the Forest*, will be issued shortly by the same firm. Barring this writer's *Hugh Wynne*, which has recently given him a wider reputation than he hitherto enjoyed through his

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books, this story of life among the rugged backwoodsmen of the Pennsylvania forests in the early part of the century has been the most successful of his novels. Dr. Mitchell has written an additional chapter for the new edition which we understand, makes the conclusion less abrupt.

Someone who carefully read the poem by Mr. H. M. Hopkins published in the June BOOKMAN and entitled, "On the March," has sent us the following companion piece which we reproduce here. Mr. Hopkins need not be offended by the parody, for poems are never parodied unless they have made a pretty strong impression on the mind of the parodist.

AT THE DRILL.

(*Dedicated to the Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.)

Near the mountain in the camp,
On earth's carpet green and damp,
Where the ladies, silent, dumb,
Hover gazing, chewing gum,
Stand the soldiers stiff and still
Ready for the daily drill,
Through the air with whirring hum,
Comes the rolling of the drum:
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum!

Not to be behind the time
I have writ this martial rhyme,
Now's the time to get in print,
Ye young writers make a sprint.
Take a banner and a cheer
And a battle and a tear,
Find some words to rhyme with drum,
End them up with bum bum bum.
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum, rada-bum, rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
Rada-bum bum bum,
With the accent on the *Bum!*

Some months ago in noting the death of Professor George M. Lane, of Harvard University, we announced that the manuscript of the very important Latin Grammar upon which Professor Lane had been engaged for nearly thirty years, was sufficiently complete to justify its publication with some additions and supplementary notes which have been made by Professor Lane's former associate, Dr. Morris H. Morgan. The Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce the almost immediate publication of this work, which from Professor Lane's very high reputation will, we are sure, be an extremely important contribution to the study of the Latin language.

The wrangling in the Senate about Hawaii has at last ceased, with the annexation of the islands by the United States. Few persons have been more enthusiastically in favour of this consumation than Miss Mary H. Krout, whose long-cherished hope of securing an appointment as special war correspondent from that island was finally realised when the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* yielded its prejudices against employing a woman in that capacity and decided to avail itself of her services. Miss Krout's departure for Honolulu was delayed for some time on account of an unfortunate accident which resulted in a seriously injured ankle. But her determination to accept the offered position was unshaken, and she set out upon her hazardous journey on crutches and in open defiance of her physician and friends. It was not however, until after the outbreak of the revolution that she reached her destination. In the beginning Miss Krout's sympathies were altogether with the natives and their queen, but a fuller knowledge of existing conditions resulted in a complete change of view, and she soon became a warm friend of the Provisional Government, and, later, an ardent advocate of annexation. Her book, *Hawaii and a Revolution*, to be published in this country in the early autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and in England at the same time by Mr. John Murray, is the outgrowth of several months' residence in the Sandwich Islands. While a considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a study of the politics of the country, about which Miss Krout had unusual opportunities of obtaining information, it contains for the most part her personal experiences, descriptions of the beautiful islands and their products, and brief sketches of the native and foreign residents and their mode of living. Notwithstanding that several books about Hawaii have been issued during the past few years when it has been so much in the minds of the people, the somewhat peculiar conditions under which *Hawaii*

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and a Revolution was written lend to it an especial interest, and the book does not seem in any essential particular to have been forestalled.

We wondered some time ago at the strange projection of the *Month* which entered the magazine field under the auspices of the *Critic* for a number of moons, and then as strangely disappeared, leaving not a wrack behind. But in the announcement made by the *Critic* in June that it would cease to be a weekly and become a monthly on and after August 1st, the meaning of this project became apparent. The *Month* had evidently been sent out to spy the Promised Land of monthly literary journalism and the report would seem to have been a good one now that the *Critic* has determined to enter also and take possession. It is a daring thing to do, to desert the old form of a periodical in which it has won distinction and become a literary institution, and to launch out on a new venture. We admire the courage of the editors, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder and his sister Jeannette, and we welcome them to our side in a race which must yield benefit to all in quickening the pace, heightening the zest and generally advancing the standard of literary journalism. It is a sign of the times, which we have noted on more than one occasion, that the weekly seems doomed and that it must eventually give place to the newspaper and the magazine. After all then, it would seem a wise move and one that has been deliberated with sound judgment that the editors of the *Critic* in recognition of this tendency should change their publication to a monthly in form and issue. All the same the regret that follows the passing of old things marks the disappearance of the *Critic*, as we have known it.

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, whose touching story, "The Wife of His Youth," published in the July *Atlantic* has, perhaps, caused more favourable comment than any other story of the month, is more than a promising new writer in a new field. Mr. Chesnutt has a firmer grasp than any preceding author has shown in handling the delicate relations between the white man and the negro from the point of view of the mingling of the races. Perhaps the most tragic situation in fiction that has ever been conceived in this country is that in which a mulatto finds himself with all the qualities of the white race in a position where he must suffer from the disadvantages of the coloured race. Mr. Chesnutt has for several years treated this subject in a capable and artistic manner, and has proved himself not only the most cultivated but also the most philosophical story writer that his race has as yet produced; for, strange to relate, he is himself a coloured man of very light complexion. Born in North Carolina, he made a career for himself in his native state as a teacher and a man of enterprise, and h won the high respect of the community by his integrity of character. He is also a scholar of no mean attainments. Seeking a wider field of usefulness he eventually went to Cleveland, Ohio, where for a number of years he has had his home and is known as a very successful lawyer.

Mr. Chesnutt has published more of his short stories through the *Atlantic Monthly* than in any other magazine, and this fact in itself speaks for the high literary quality of his work. We understand that he is now giving more of his time to literary work and that one of these days we may look for a novel from him in which his philosophical grasp, his imaginative power and literary skill may combine to give us an expression of the life of his people not yet realised by any writer either white or coloured in the States. Mr. Chesnutt is still a man in middle life, of a quiet, tranquil temperament, ambitious, industrious and successful. There is no reason why great things should not be expected of him.

Nowhere was the charm of Stevenson's personality so evident as in his correspondence, and for this reason we are indebted to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in its July number, for publishing three new letters by him, one of which is exceedingly characteristic. The recipient was the late Mr. Alexander Ireland, whose *Book-Lover's Enchiridion* will long keep his name in remembrance among the reading fraternity. Stevenson's first letter to

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him was dated from Davos, Switzerland, presumably in 1881. "I was pleased to hear you were a Scot," he writes; "I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the more we feel that bond"—another refutation of the charge sometimes brought against Stevenson that he was not a lover of his country. He goes on:

> You ask about Davos. I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily, I think, in the *Pall Mall*, and I mean to say no more; but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wild again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage—the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. Davos has done me, in my two winters of Alpine exile, much good; so much that I hope to leave it now forever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonably crazy state, any cold night sends me skipping, either back to Davos or further off. It is dear, a little dreary, very far from many things that both my taste and my needs prompt me to seek, and altogether not the place I should choose of my free will.

And in the same letter we find this interesting obiter dicta:

> The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox (or the great one) diseased and blackhearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

How characteristic this last utterance from one who breathed romance and who was himself one of the Sons of Joy!

In the same number of the *Atlantic* there is a valuable and informing article on "The Russian Jew in America," by Mr. Abraham Cahan, who contributed "A Ghetto Wedding" to the same magazine last February, if we mistake not. Mr. Cahan has been attempting to do for the Jew in America, especially in New York, what Mr. Zangwill has achieved for the children of the Ghetto in London. His novel, *Yekl*, published over a year ago by the Messsrs. Appleton, attracted a good deal of attention, and he has recently put forth, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a collection of shorter stories, called *The Imported Bridegroom and Other Tales*, which is reviewed on another page.

The death of Sir Walter G. Simpson, who was an intimate friend of Stevenson, and his comrade of the *Cigarette* in *An Inland Voyage* has brought us a remarkably interesting article (see page 472) disclosing the warm relationship which existed between the two men, and incidentally throwing a curious light on Stevenson himself and the scepticism with which his friends viewed his literary career. We understand that Mr. Charles Baxter, to whom he dedicated *Kidnapped*, and its sequel *David Balfour*, is in possession of the novels referred to in this article as written by Simpson, Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley, but it is not probable that they will ever be published.

For a long time the reading world was perplexed by the versatility of Stevenson; it did not know whether to take him most seriously as story writer, essayist or poet; indeed, it may be yet questioned whether his popularity has not been impaired for many a day by this playing jack of all trades with literary forms. We fear that Mr. Quiller-Couch is in danger of making the same mistake. His parodies may be dismissed as an escapade of his salad days; they are not known to the reader at large, and it is only as a passing phase of clever jugglery with poetic forms that we present some of his Juvenilia in this field to admirers of the art of parody. But as a writer of delightful stories he has won a well-deserved prestige, and it is this prestige which we are afraid is, to some extent, being neutralised by his ambition to be a critic and essayist as well. We are inclined to share the opinion of a London critic who said recently that he believed Mr. Quiller-Couch can reach the highest excellence in his fiction, and that if he does not take as high a place to-day as some of the young men with whom he started on equal terms ten years ago, it is solely because he has cherished an ambition to be a critic, while they have contented themselves with being only novelists. Nothing is more tantalising to the watcher of new stars that rise above the

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horizon than to behold their light clouded by their own vapours. It is with eager expectation therefore that we look forward to the publication of the novel upon which Mr. Quiller-Couch has been at work so long. He is still engaged in the completion of this novel, and has not definitely settled on the title for it yet. It has been decided to publish it in *Scribner's Magazine* next year.

A curious blunder which the *Nation* fell into a short time ago in reviewing a story by Mr. Quiller-Couch's sister was not calculated to enhance his reputation. The book in question, *A Spanish Maid*, by Miss L. Quiller-Couch, we were gravely told by the *Nation* is not quite so great a gain to literature as Mr. Quiller-Couch's short stories!

A somewhat remarkable article on "Literary Life in London," by Mr. W. H. Rideing, appears in the June number of the *North American Review*. Mr. Rideing is known to journalism and letters through his connection with the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, and through the *North American* itself. It is not very easy to write on the vast subject which he has chosen in this article without making mistakes. Mr. Rideing says, for example:

> One might point to a forlorn figure coming down a dingy stairway from an editorial office in Paternoster Row, and say that that was literary life in London—a woman in seedy black, poverty and unspeakable dejection expressed in dress and face, with red, tearful eyes and a roll of manuscript in her split and ripped gloves. Paternoster is a poor name for the rag-fair of Literature, and the slop shop of penny books, where the "sweater" plies his trade, but within its dismal precincts there is a whole class of women like this one, and similar men, and the chronic disappointment of the accepted calls as loudly for prayers as the anguish of the rejected.

We know a good deal about Paternoster Row, but we do not know anything about the "whole class of literary women like this one" who dwell within the "dismal precincts" of Paternoster Row. We doubt whether there is one such. Neither do we understand that Paternoster Row is the headquarters of penny books. As for the "chronic disappointment of the accepted," surely all periodicals have their regular rates, and they are in most cases moderately good rates, enough at least to give women as much as they can earn at any other occupation.

Mr. Rideing speaks of "adventure books which in the holiday season sell by the tens of thousands," and tells us that the author gets some £20 ($100) for writing them. Here again we seem to be in the region of romance. We have it on the best English authority that adventure books do not sell by tens of thousands, and that this would be an exaggeration if it were applied to the most popular works of adventure. Certainly when the circulation comes anything within sight of these figures, the authors are very well paid indeed. Mr. Rideing continues:

> In fact, the author of successful fiction is rapidly approaching the point where he will take all the profit, and the outlook for the publisher is obscured by a hopeless gloom, which is not any more bearable to him from the consciousness that the author sees in it the shadow of retribution. A story illustrative of the relative position of the two is familiar in some of the clubs, and may be repeated here, though to have full effect it needs the oral mimicry of the sonorous speech and lofty manner of the very successful novelist who tells it of himself. His publisher approaches and says, "Highflyer, I want your next book." "Very good, Buckram, you shall have it." "On what terms, Highflyer?" "Two shillings per copy on a six-shilling book." Buckram collapses, being driven to drink in despair, and a week elapses before he reappears with a humbled manner to say, "Highflyer, I accept your terms."

We doubt whether the outlook of the publisher of successful fiction, like Mr. Heinemann, for example, is obscured by hopeless gloom. In any case we should like to know who the novelist is who has compelled his publisher to give him two shillings a copy. We have known a few cases where new publishers, in their desire to gain a position, have offered this sum, and even more, to get a good name on their list. We doubt, however if the sum has been paid by any house of high standing. Authors are sensible enough to recognise that extensive advertising is a matter of the first importance, and that this advertising cannot be given to books if the royalty is immoderate.

Again Mr. Rideing says:

> Let us figure on one novel of which I have some information. The author received $18,000 for its use serially in the United States,

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and about the same sum for its use in an English magazine during the same period—that is, $36,000 in all. When it had run its course through twelve numbers of the magazines, it became his property again to publish in a book. The book was published at six shillings a copy there, and here at a dollar and a half a copy. Although fully one hundred and fifty thousand copies of it (probably more) have been sold, and assuming the royalty to be only twenty per cent., we have $45,000 to add to the previously mentioned $36,000. This gives us a total of $81,000—far more than George Eliot received for her masterpiece, or Disraeli in the heyday of his glory as the prodigy of politics and literature for his, or Thackeray, the supreme genius of English fiction, for his. Yet the earning power of the book is by no means exhausted. Cheaper editions are to appear, adding to the revenue, and royalties for serial use in far-off colonies, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and the rights of translation are still to be reckoned, and then the story is to be turned into a play, which is not likely to bring the author less than $50,000, and may bring him twice or thrice $50,000 more.

The reference is evidently to Mr. Hall Caine's book *The Christian*, but the figures are extremely inaccurate. The sum paid for the publication of *The Christian* in the *Windsor Magazine* was £1,500 ($7,500), and in *Munsey's* about half that sum. Consequently Mr. Rideing has doubled the figures received for serial publication. This is not a very important matter, but if the subject is to be written upon at all the thing had better be done accurately. We should doubt whether Mr. Hall Caine's dramatic rights had brought him in even $50,000 a story, not to speak of twice or thrice that amount. Figures like these are entirely wild. It does not follow at all that because a man writes a popular novel he can make it a popular drama. Of these instances enough might be given. The fact is that the dramatist's skill and the novelist's skill are different matters, and the dramatist needs not only a given subject but the power to treat it well.

Mr. Rideing winds up with an attack on the literary agent. He says:

> The literary agent must not be overlooked in accounting for the "boom." Usually a shrewd man of business, he makes bargains for the author, and pushes all the work entrusted to him after the noisy and mendacious manner of the advance agent of a circus. He flourishes the trumpet and beats the big drum for each of his clients in turn, and if it is Highflyer who has a novel for sale, the possible purchaser is advised that, of all novelists, Highflyer is the one who has the largest sales and comands the highest prices, while if Highflyer is out of the market and Windebagge or somebody else is in it, it is he who is proclaimed paragon. . . . The more manuscripts he sells and the higher the price he obtains the larger are his own commisions. The young author in his hands who has made a success at the start, is not allowed to choose his own time for further work and to prepare for it, but is urged and tempted to add book to book until he becomes a diffuse and tedious hack, undesired by anybody, undesired even by the literary agent himself. An instance occurs to me. The young author was "boomed" so persistently that in order to fulfil his orders he had to rise at four in the morning, and then sitting down with a type-writer before him and a phonograph at his elbow, he would carry along two stories at once. His first book was an instant success when it appeared a few years ago, but his last manuscript, delivered "as per invoice" in the words of the agent, has been rejected by thirteen different periodicals, and is still in the market. "As per invoice" expresses the agent's view of literature precisely.

We should like to know who this young author is. Till we are told we shall permit ourselves to look on the story as pure fiction. It might be possible to guess who is in Mr. Rideing's mind, and if the guess is correct he is a very long way from the truth. It must be admitted that the literary agent has in some cases done too much to stimulate the activity of his clients, but there are instances known to us where he has done what he could to restrain it. Literary agents, in fact, are quite intelligent enough to know that there is no way in which an author can so speedily and surely destroy himself as by publishing too many books. Even there, however, a question of difficulty arises, for in these days it is hard for any novelist to keep up his vogue beyond a certain number of years, and it is astonishing how soon the sale stops even of a very successful book. On the whole, Mr. Rideing's contribution to this subject is not illuminating.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, who is now in Europe, left behind him the manuscript of a volume of short stories, written in a light and humorous vein, and containing also two plays planned for amateur performance, entitled "The Best Laid Plans" and "Man Proposes." The book will be called *Tattle Tales of Cupid* and will be published in the autumn.

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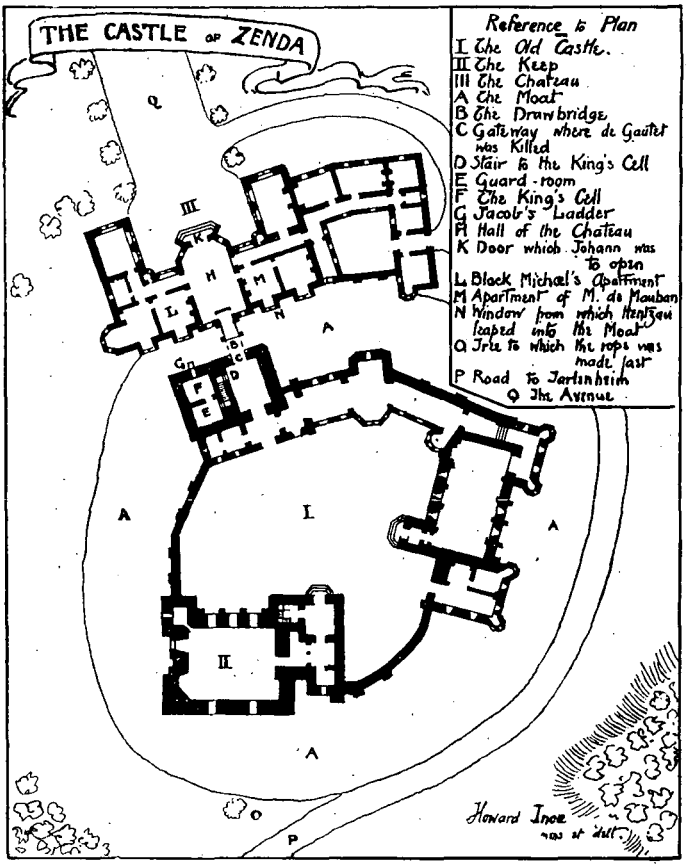

GROUND PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

We print the following interesting animadversions regarding Dante's knowledge of Homer which was affirmed by our reviewer of Mr. Garnett's *Italian Literature* in June.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Sirs—Permit me to correct an unwarrantable assertion in your review of Garnett's *Italian Literature*. Says the reviewer: "The author, however, makes in reference to Dante, an assertion quite unsupported. He states (page 46) that the great poet *was unacquainted* with Homer." And in refutation of Dr. Garnett's very orthodox statement there is adduced the following passage:

> Mira colui con quella spada in mano
> Che vien dinanzi a tre si come sire;
> Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano.

It is of course, impossible to be certain about negative statements where the evidence is circumstantial only. But almost every bit of evidence that we possess points to the conclusion that Dante knew Homer only by hearsay, and by such notices of him as are embodied in Latin authors. The quotation given above seems to indicate that Dante thought that Homer was himself a warrior "con quella spada in mano;" whereas to-day innumerable school-boys could aver that we know only that Homer sang about warriors. The passage in question, therefore, goes to prove rather than to disprove Dr. Garnett's statement.

It is well known that in the Middle Ages certain rather inconsiderable differences in theological doctrine served to separate the cognate and Christian civilisations of Greece and Rome more completely than radical differences of race, language and religion separated the Italians, for instance, from the Spanish Moors. All through the Middle Ages Greek appears to have been spoken, to some extent, in Southern Italy, particularly in Calabria. But this was very corrupt Greek and by no means the possession of scholars. Leontius Pilatus, the Calabrian who pretended to teach Greek to Petrarch and Boccacio, was so enlightened as to derive Achilleus from *a*, privative and *χιλός*, "fodder." So little did Petrarch profit by the instruction of this sciolist, that the great inaugurator of the Revival of Learning was constrained, to the end of his days to caress without being able to read the copy of Homer presented to him at Avignon by the Greek refugee Nikolaos Sigeros. There was in Italy no knowledge of classical Greek worth mentioning before the arrival at Florence of the great Byzantine scholar Manuel Chrysoloras (1396).

Pilatus ground out a translation of Homer into Latin under the direction of his illustrious pupils. This was, however, many years after the death of Dante, and we have no knowledge of any earlier translation. A few lines by Pilatus will give some idea of its merit:

> Iram cane Dea Pelidæ Achillis
> Corruptibilem, quæ innumerabiles Græcis dolores posuit,

is the opening of the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey* begins in this way:

> Virum mihi pande, Musa, multimodum qui valde multum
> Erravit postquam sacram civitatem Troiæ depredatus fuit.

It was from such a source that Petrarch derived his best knowledge of Homer, and even this source of knowledge did not exist for Dante.

Very sincerely,

HENRY B. HINCKLEY.

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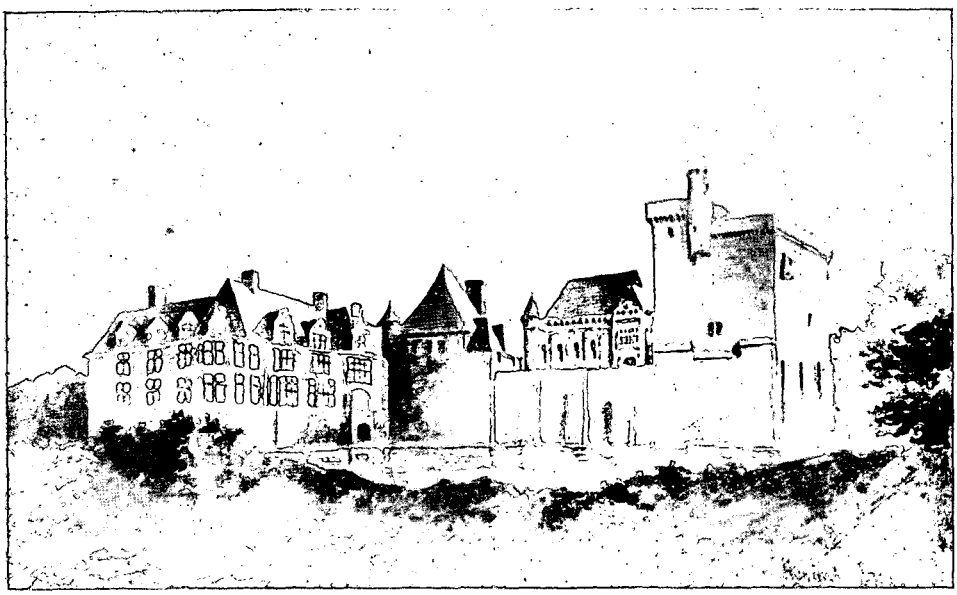

THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company have conceived the happy idea of issuing *The Prisoner of Zenda* and its sequel *Rupert of Hentzau* in a uniform edition, two volumes in a box. Booklovers will still cling to the dainty buckram covered edition of the former, of course, but even at the expense of purchasing two copies many will find the temptation irresistible. An interesting feature of the illustrations is a representation of the Castle of Zenda and a ground plan of the castle. These two drawings, which are herewith reproduced, originally appeared in the *Architectural Review* a few months ago in an article dealing with "Architecture in Poetry and Fiction." Mr. Howard Ince, the writer of the article is also the designer of the accompanying plans with which he enhanced the value of his observations. Referring to the plans based on Anthony Hope's descriptions Mr. Ince says, "It is an elaborate and complicated piece of design. Even Mr. Hope gets a little confused." He continues:

He tells us that, as "the play actor" stood in the shadow of the gateway watching the fight between the Duke and Rupert of Hentzau in Madame de Mauban's apartments, he heard a stir down to the "right," in the direction of the King's cell and Jacob's Ladder. Now a reference to the plan will show that as these were nearly opposite the Duke's apartments on the other side of the draw-bridge, and Rassendyll would naturally stand with his back to the gateway of the old castle to look across to the château, the King's cell was on his left hand. This position, too, would leave his sword-arm free for the swift and deadly stroke which slew de Gautet. One would have thought, too, that Hentzau would have noticed this corpse lying in the gateway when he climbed up after his plunge into the moat and defied the Duke's retainers from the reinstated drawbridge, but there was little light so early in the morning and Rupert was "drunk with blood." The author may well be proud of this splendidly constructed piece of architecture. He must have studied it long and carefully.

A review of these two books, now inseparably linked, including a survey of Anthony Hope's literary performances is given on another page.

Probably the most ambitious scheme in colour-printing which has yet been undertaken by any magazine is the reproduction of eight full-page designs by Henry McCarter which will accompany a poem by Mr. E. S. Martin called "The Sea is His," in the August *Scribner's*. The manner in which the shading of colour has been executed is mechanically ingenious and very effective from an artistic point of view. It is considered a novelty in colour-printing even for experts. Mr. McCarter has also designed the poster for this number of *Scribner's*

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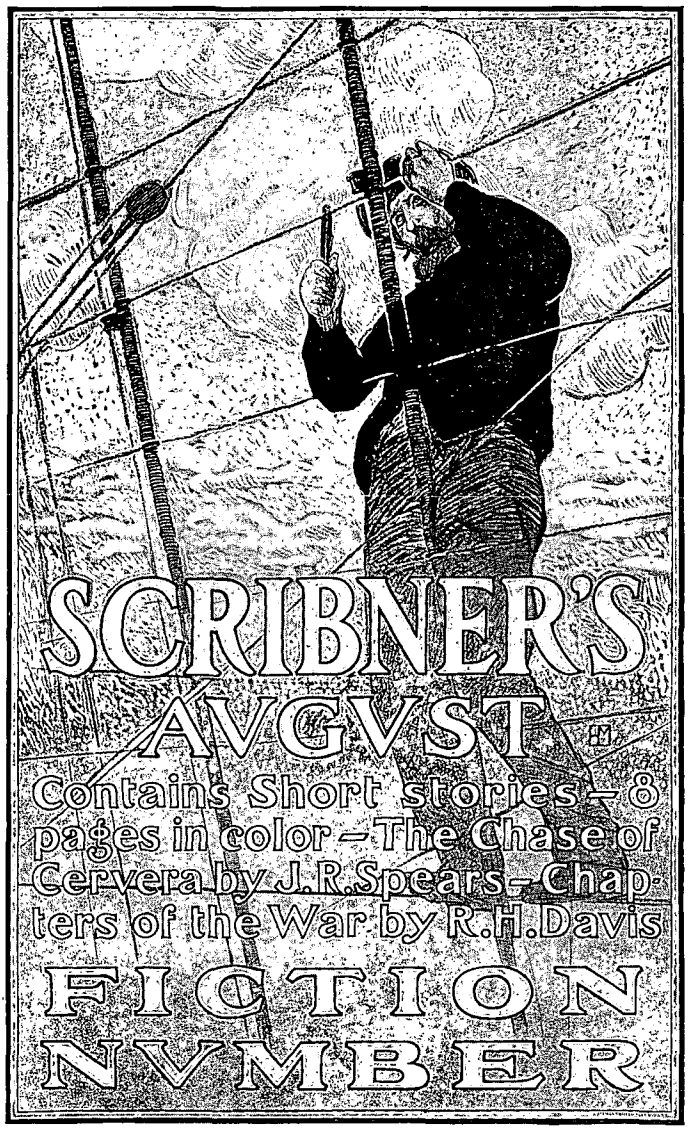

Magazine, a fac-simile of which is given herewith. It need hardly be said that the black and white reproduction does not do justice to the colour effect of the original.

Among books that have already been published in England during the spring and held back for publication in this country until the autumn, owing to the all-absorbing and omnipresent war interest is Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's important book, *The Wonderful Century*. The work grew out of a lecture which was suggested to him at Davos in 1896 on "Personal Recollections of the Scientific Discoveries of the Century." His first choice of a title was *A Century of Progress*, which he discovered had already been pre-empted. "I have sketched," said the author to an interviewer not long ago, "the material and scientific progress of the century, and also the progress in ideas and principles. The distinctive feature of the book is that while I make more of the successes of the century than I believe any other writer has done, yet I show that the failures have been quite as great as the successes. I have a great many heresies," Dr. Wallace continued, smiling. "For example, I have been a strong anti-vaccinator for the last twenty-five years." One of the chapters in *The Wonderful Century* is headed "Vaccination a Delusion, and its Penal Enforcement a Crime; Proved by the Official Evidence in the Reports of the Royal Commission." Another chapter is devoted to a defence of phrenology, in which Dr. Wallace has all his life been an ardent believer.

There appears to be no end to the humours of examination. Here is the latest story that has come to us and that to us at least is new. It appears that at an elementary examination in English which was lately held in a school near this city, two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as

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to its subject matter and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

The hen has three legs.
Who done it?

When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

The hen didn't done it; God done it.

Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian novelist, has collected a number of his short stories, which have been published in various periodicals during the last few years, and will issue them in volume form during the forthcoming autumn season. We hear that the Messrs. Macmillan will, as usual, be the publishers both here, in the Colonies, and in England.

Mr. William Le Queux's *Scribes and Pharisees* has, we hear, had an unusually large sale in England. Mr. Le Queux, who now resides most of his time in Italy, is at present in London and has brought with him the corrected proofs of a new novel to which he has given the title of *The Day of Temptation*. *Scribes and Pharisees* will be published here in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. John Lane has published a volume of stories by Mr. Henry Harland under the title, *Comedies and Errors*, which is reviewed on another page. Mr. Harland has lived in England so long and has so entirely separated himself from the land of his birth that we are in danger of forgetting that he, like Mr. Harold Frederic, is an American. He was born in New York thirty-eight years ago and was educated here and at Harvard. His first novel was a story of Jewish life called *As it Was Written*, and was published in 1885 under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska." This novel and several others which followed were distinguished by their treatment of Jewish life, indeed, it is averred that Jewish life has never been more sympathetically treated than in this early work of his. In 1889 Henry Harland went to Europe, and since then he has oscillated between Paris and London, his real residence being in the latter city. It was his work in *The Yellow Book* and his editorship of that remarkable monthly miscellany which brought him again into

HENRY HARLAND.

public notice a few years ago, and made his stories better regarded. The accompanying portrait is taken from a new photograph.

Among the numerous elegies that have appeared on the late Mr. Gladstone none seems to us so felicitous and so noteworthy as the tribute in blank verse by Stephen Phillips in the London *Daily Chronicle*. We quote three of the stanzas:

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou
Wast holy in the furious press of men,
And choral in the central rush of life.
Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,
And Roman verses on an English lawn.

Thy voice had all the roaring of the wave,
And hoarse magnificence of rushing stones;
It had the murmur of Ionian bees,
And the persuading sweetness of a shower.
Clarion of God! thy ringing peal is o'er!

* * * * *

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.
Hence eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are dim,
And alien men on alien shores lament.

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Mary A. Ward

Many are the authors who received a helping hand from the late Mr. Gladstone. *The Academy* recently devoted a half dozen pages to Mr. Gladstone's literary opinions, quoting many of the letters, postal cards and reviews which fell profusely from his generous pen. Perhaps, after *John Inglesant*, which was one of the books that Mr. Gladstone "sat up all night to read," *Robert Elsmere* was the book to be most helped through his influence. Up to the time of the appearance of his famous article on "Robert Elsmere and the Battle of Belief" in the *Nineteenth Century*, the novel in question had not provoked any extraordinary serious criticism or attention, but immediately upon its publication the book and its author sprang into fame, and the article was itself published separately as a brochure. The qualities which made the writing of *Robert Elsmere* possible were Mrs. Humphry Ward's by inheritance. She is an Arnold, which counts for much. Her birthplace was at Hobart, Tasmania, where her father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, the son of the famous Master of Rugby and brother of Matthew Arnold, held an educational appointment. Only the first five years of Mrs. Ward's life were passed in Tasmania, so that her recollections of colonial life are dim. She received her education at boarding schools in the Lake District and at Clifton; and upon leaving school she began her literary career as a girl in the academic atmosphere of Oxford under her father's guidance and inspired by the society of such men as Mark Pattison and T. H. Green, Professor of Moral Philosophy. While very young she became the bride of Mr. Humphry Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, and for the first eight years of her married life she remained in the classic shades of Oxford pursuing her literary studies in the Bodleian Library. She wrote critical essays for the reviews and also essayed fiction in the shape of an unpretentious story for children entitled *Milly and Olly*. Removing from Oxford to London with her husband, she assisted him there in the preparation of *The English Poets*, and wrote *Miss Bretherton*, a light and pleasant novel, and translated Amiel's *Journal Intime*,—one of the things for which we thank her chiefly. The thoughtful preface

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STOCKS, MRS. WARD'S RESIDENCE.

to this book conveyed to the reading public the first indication of the trend of Mrs. Ward's mind. During those years of study and mental stress at Oxford there lay in her desk an essay unpublished for want of sympathisers, which contained the germ of *Robert Elsmere*,—the book through which she was to make her mark in fiction as the delineator of a soul struggling with religious doubt. *Robert Elsmere* was published in 1888 and four years later appeared *David Grieve*. Since then she has published *Marcella* and its sequel *Sir George Tressady* and a shorter novel *The Story of Bessie Costrell*. The new novel upon which she has been engaged for some time, *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, and is reviewed on another page.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward keep very hospitable house near the village of Aldbury, an hour's railway ride from London. This delightful and sequestered spot has been her country home for the last five years and has furnished her with scenery and not a few incidents for the novels written during that period. Mrs. Ward's social tastes are not for the fashionable world; culture is the predominant note in her home. Reserved and somewhat constrained in manner when in public, she displays a quiet wit to her intimates, and is a pleasant and bright conversationalist. There is nothing of the blue stocking or of the recluse about Mrs. Ward; she is a woman upon whom learning sits naturally and gracefully. In appearance she is tall and distinguished looking, with dark, wavy hair simply arranged, brown eyes and full red lips. She has a very sweet smile, and a clear and melodious voice. Despite the fact that she has been identified with the Woman's Movement, and with University Hall, which grew out of *Robert Elsmere*, there is something offensive to her æsthetic soul in the drudgery of platform work, and the agent who could persuade her to undertake a transatlantic tour is certainly not born.

The *Book of Leviticus* just published in the Polychrome Bible by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company brings to the attention of a wider public the name of an eminent scholar, deeply revered and honoured within the gates of his own profession. Canon Driver is but fifty-two

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ALDBURY VILLAGE.

years old, yet he is undoubtedly the leading Biblical critic of the English-speaking world. Formerly Fellow of New College, he is now Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. As one of the greatest living Hebrew scholars, thorough, cautious and conservative, he has exerted a widespread and beneficial influence in clearing up the many misconceptions and erroneous interpretations pertaining to the literary criticism of the Bible. His best known and most popular work is his *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* which has passed through several editions, and has enjoyed a remarkably large sale, considering the limitations of its scholarly character. He is also the author of a critical commentary on *Deuteronomy* in the series of International Critical Commentaries on the Old and New Testaments. His careful treatise on the *Use of the Tenses in Hebrew* is now a universally standard work on the subject. In 1890 he published a valuable book entitled *Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Samuel*, with an introduction on the Hebrew paleography and the ancient versions. His co-operation has been engaged for the great new Hebrew-English Lexicon, edited by Professor Francis Brown of Union Seminary, New York. In conjunction with Canon Cheyne, whose lectures were so well received in this country a few months ago, Canon Driver prepared the Variorum Reference edition of the Authorised Version, with various readings and renderings from the best authorities. In the Polychrome edition of *Leviticus* he has contributed for the first time a really new version of a Biblical book, with so rich an accompaniment of literary, historical and archæological notes as to make the library of the Biblical student and reader poverty stricken without it. In all future studies of this book Canon Driver's work will be found indispensable. He has so got at the heart and meaning of *Leviticus* as to give it a new aspect and deeper spiritual significance. Canon Driver's rendering is startling and illuminating in the highest degree.

Miss Gertrude Smith is to follow up the success of her *Arabella and Araminta Stories* with another series of infantile yarns about a very small boy and his very young papa. *The Boo Boo Stories*, as the book is to be called, will be published in

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"THE COUNTRY HERE IS SWARMIN' WITH THE MOST ALARMIN' KIND O' VARMIN."
From *The Biglow Papers*, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

the autumn by S. E. Cassino of *Little Folks* fame, in which periodical the stories have already made a successful début. *The Arabella and Araminta Stories* has gone into the hands of thousands of readers since its publication a year and a half ago, and a large new edition has just been published to meet the increasing demand of this favourite with "the littlest ones." Miss Smith, who is also the author of *Ten Little Comedies*, published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company last Christmas, has nearly finished the manuscript of a more ambitious story of adventure for boys which she calls *The Boys of Marmiton Prairie*. It is a tale of Kansas life.

The fanciful stories which Mr. Bernard Capes has brought to a close in *Blackwood's*, under the title *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette*, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in the autumn.

In the fifties we find an enterprising English publisher of no mean literary tastes, to wit, Mr. John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly, London, issuing a series of humorous classics in what he styled "The Choicest Humorous Poetry of the Age." Mr. Hotten was quick to note that Lowell, already known as a poet and essayist, at that time had not yet been introduced to the British public as a writer of humorous poetry, and in 1859 he brought out an edition of *The Biglow Papers*, "now, for the first time published in England." In his preface, dated October 25, 1859, Mr. Hotten tells us that "the work had previously been very highly spoken of here (England) by some eminent personages, when John Bright drew public attention to it by quoting from its pages in the House of Commons. An immediate demand arising from this notice has induced the editor to publish an English edition." To us now the most interesting feature of this edition is the work of George Cruikshank which adorns it. Cruikshank's contribution consists of a frontispiece and two other illustrations in colour. An "insert" is prefixed to the last illustration in the book with the following naïve announcement:

> The frontispiece was designed and etched expressly for this work by George Cruikshank, Esq. The other illustrations were drawn by that inimitable artist some years ago, but will be found admirably adapted to illustrate our subject. So full are they of humour and spirit, that it is believed no apology will be necessary for their insertion here.

In none of the catalogues we have seen are these two "extra" illustrations men-

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"BIRDOFREEDOM SAWIN WITH ONLY ONE LEG TO STAND UPON."
Frontispiece from *The Biglow Papers*, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

tioned. The copy from which we have reproduced them is in the possession of Mr. A. D. Hurd, Boston. The original illustrations in colour naturally lose much in being reproduced in half-tone, but enough of their "humour and spirit" remains to make them interesting.

A belated correspondent who says he is a son-in-law of Dr. Poole calls our attention to a slip made by the writer of the article on "Libraries and Librarians," which appeared in our January number. It is there stated that *Poole's Index* originated with Mr. John Edmonds, librarian of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia; and that while a student at Yale Mr. Edmonds prepared a system of reference to subjects in magazines and reviews which was to be the germ of the work usually called *Poole's Index*. If the name of William Frederick Poole is substituted for that of John Edmonds, our correspondent writes, the statement will then be the exact truth. We are further referred to the following passage in the preface to the third edition of *Poole's Index*, published in 1882, which we gladly reprint:

> Thirty-five years ago, when a student at Yale College and connected with the library of one of the literary societies, I [Dr. Poole] indexed such reviews and magazines as were accessible, and arranged the references under topics for the purpose of helping the students in the preparation of their written exercises and society discussions. I had noticed that the sets of standard periodicals with which the library was well supplied were not used, although they were rich in the treatment of subjects about which inquiries were made in vain every day. My work, though crude on its bibliographical side, answered its purpose, and brought to me the whole body of students for a kind of help they could not get from the library catalogues, nor from any other source. My manuscript was in great demand, and as it was rapidly wearing out, and printing seemed to be the only expedient for saving the work, it was put to press, and appeared with the title, *Index to Subjects treated in the Reviews and other Periodicals*, New York, 1848, 8vo, 154 pp. The edition of five hundred copies was chiefly taken by other colleges and soon disappeared. The little book is now a curiosity in more senses than one. For nearly twenty years I had not seen a copy, when, in 1877, I saw one in the reading room of the British Museum. Its leaves were discoloured and nearly worn through by constant handling.

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Mr. Maurice Hewlett whose charming novel *The Forest Lovers* was reviewed in our last number, was born in 1861, and owes much of his training as a scholar and his literary skill as a man of letters to his father. School life was, it seems, never much to his taste. He cared nothing for the ordinary routine lessons, but spent most of his time reading and scribbling. He was quite indifferent to his chances of an Oxford scholarship and ended his college days without one. In describing this period of his life he has said: "I wasted my time, I dreamed, I tried to do things too big for me, and threw them up at the first failure; I diligently pursued every false god; I don't think I was very happy, and I am sure I was very disagreeable; I doubt now if I was ever a boy, except for a short period when by rights I should have been a man." Mr. Hewlett's friends, however, may not take quite his own view. Ultimately he got his share of discipline, for while still under twenty he was sent to London and set down to a steady grind at blackletter law—a study which has been hereditary in his family ever since his great-grandfather left his Somersetshire home and settled in London. In 1888 Mr. Hewlett married and in 1890 he was called to the bar. Some time afterward he fell ill, and a tour abroad which followed awoke in him the desire seriously to enter the field of literature. He lectured at South Kensington, University College and other places upon Mediæval Thought and Art, wrote reviews for the *Academy* along the same lines, and indeed contributed to most of the weekly and monthly reviews from this time on.

"BUT GLORY IS A KIN' O' THING I SHAN'T PURSUE NO FURDER."
From *The Biglow Papers*, illustrated by George Cruikshank.

Mr. Hewlett's first book was published in 1895 by the Messrs. Dent. It was called *Earthwork Out of Tuscany* and comprised a collection of Italian studies and inventions. It is now out of print but there is to be a new edition this year with illustrations by Mr. Kerr-Lawson. In passing we may say that it has received the distinction in America of

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being published in dainty form by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Maine. An edition was also imported by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. In the same year the Messrs. Dent issued a poem by Mr. Hewlett called *The Masque of Dead Florentines*, with illustrations by Mr. J. D. Batten. His next book published in 1896 by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, was also a volume of poetry entitled *Songs and Meditations*. And now comes *The Forest Lovers* which promises to bring its author a well deserved success. The story goes to the tune of the ringing catch that we find in its pages:

MAURICE HEWLETT.

> Love is Lord of the land,
> Master of maid and man;
> Goeth in green with a ruddy face
> Heartening whom he can.

The Forest Lovers is of the same family as Mr. William Morris's prose romances, but while it has not perhaps so much body as these, it has a great deal more life. This book will be followed shortly by one which was intended to precede it bearing the title *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, a blend of pastoral, fairy tale and masque. Mr. Hewlett occupies the position of head of the Land Revenue Record Office, to which he was appointed by the British Treasury two years ago. His career has not been an adventurous one; as he himself would put it, "most of a writer's adventures take place in his head." But, quiet or stirring, the life of the author of such a book as *The Forest Lovers* cannot be an uninteresting one.

It has been said that the problems that made Swift savage made Thackeray sad. But the deeper causes of Thackeray's sadness need to be known to enable us to appreciate fully the passages of deepest pathos in his writings. As the memoir of Thackeray's life unfolds itself in his daughter's hands through her Introductions to the Biographical Edition of his works we begin to get something like a true measure of the man's greatness. The loss of his second child in infancy was always an abiding sorrow, and is described in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," included in the third volume just issued, in a passage of surpassing tenderness, too sacred to be severed from its context. But the great tragedy of Thackeray's life was the illness of his wife, which set in after only four years of wedded happiness. "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman," wrote Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield. And yet this was the man who before he was thirty, had to face a lifelong separation from the wife he loved, and a long separation from his children; the man also who two years after his marriage could write to his young wife:

> . . . Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness?) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that he might not be led into temptation. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. I don't

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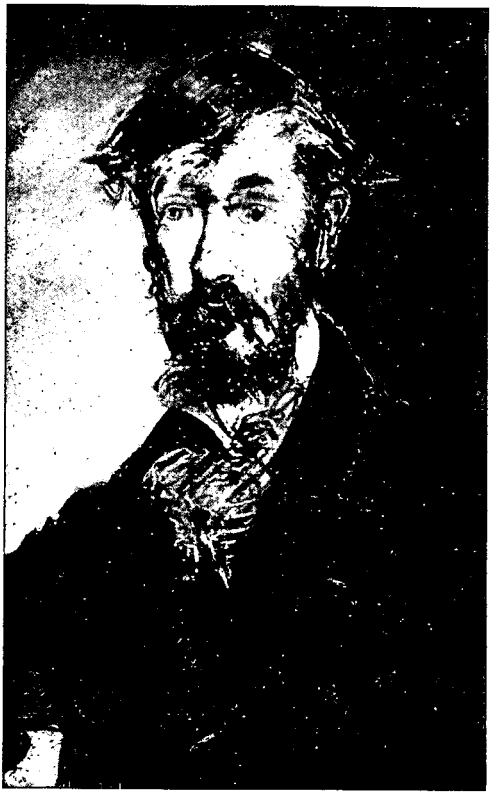
know that I shall have done much by coming away, except being so awfully glad to come back again. . . . God bless you, dearest wife.

To us who see the years that followed there is a terrible pathos in the wistful earnestness and passionate tenderness of these words, which are taken from a letter just published by Mrs. Ritchie. After the birth of their third child Mrs. Thackeray's health failed. Some mental disease attacked her which totally unfitted her for her duties as wife and mother. She had finally to be put under proper care and protection; and the happy home was broken up. "Though my marriage was a wreck as you know," wrote Thackeray years afterward to one contemplating an alliance, "I would do it over again, for behold Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good." Again he writes, "I sat with the children, and talked with them about their mother last night." "I was as happy as the day was long with her," he said to a cousin once. Most pathetic is the story which tells how an old groom in Trollope's stables remarked to Thackeray: "I hear you have written a book about Ireland, and have made great fun of the Irish—you don't like us?" "God help me!" said Thackeray, turning his head away as his eyes filled with tears, "all that I have loved best in the world is Irish." For Isabella Shawe came from "the parish of Donerail in the county of Cork."

Mr. George Moore has already mapped out a sequel to *Evelyn Innes* which will deal with the heroine's convent life. Mr. Moore has collected his material with the scrupulous industry that he brings to bear on all his fiction. It is interesting to note that Mr. Moore first writes out his novels in the form of a short story, around which he afterwards builds. An extensive review of his new book appears on another page.

The many readers who have not access to the works of Hermann Sudermann, through ignorance of the German tongue, have had to wait too long for a translation of his great novel *Der Katzensteg* which has just been translated by Miss Beatrice Marshall and published by Mr. John Lane. The heroine gives the title to the English version which is called *Regina*. Readers unacquainted with the original owe Miss Marshall a debt of gratitude for introducing them to a book of exceptional force through a very creditable translation. We note a few inaccuracies, but they are not important, and of some of the most striking passages she has given a fine rendering. Sudermann is at the head of the forward movement in German literature. Probably more than any one else is he responsible for stemming the tide of sickly sentiment that swamped the German fiction and drama of twenty years ago. He has written not for *Backfische* but for men and women. Yet in his daring he has followed no leader in particular and has always been a romancist as much as a



GEORGE MOORE.

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realist. This, the best known of all his work, is a grimly tragic story, lit up by a great truth which a much-vexed, hard-driven man wrings out of his own mistakes and out of the life of an outcast woman who dies to save him.

❧

Far away in the little village of Re-

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

canati, nestling among olives and vines and wheat, and overlooking the little seaport town of the same name there was born one hundred years ago one of Italy's eminent poets; and on June 29th, last, there was celebrated at the place of his nativity the centenary of Giacomo Leopardi. Although preparations for the event had been going on during the past two years, the commemoration touched these shores with but a ripple of comment here and there in the papers. On another page we give an account of a visit to "Leopardi's Home," previous to the celebration, by Sir George Douglas, who made a pilgrimage through the Italian country immortalised by the name and fame of the poet of pessimism.

❧

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Clement Shorter to publish an edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë* to serve as a companion volume to his *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, which has had a large sale on both sides of the water. The new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's famous book will contain an introduction, a large number of notes and numerous illustrations, hitherto unpublished. For the introduction of notes Mr. Shorter will be able to draw upon a mass of new correspondence and documents which have come into his hands since the publication of his *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*.

❧

The accompanying geographical map of American Literature needs no key for its comprehension by the intelligent reader and student of our literature. It shows the geographical relations of accepted and familiar American authors to each other, delimiting the haunts of their "local colour," and marking off the territorial rights to which they may be said to lay claim as pioneers and conquerors. It will also serve as a valuable guide to ambitious writers looking for fresh fields and pastures new. Not the least interesting feature is the vast extent of lands that are indicated as still "unclaimed." The names of several American authors will occur to the observer as being omitted on this map, but a moment's reflection will show that they have failed to identify themselves distinctively with any one State or tract of country. And again, Mr. James and Mr. Crawford could only be exhibited adequately on an international map, while Mr. Howells on the other hand would have to be scattered over various sections of a literary map of America. The ingenious literary geographer who designed this map is Mr. Paul Wilstach, who was for some time the literary editor of the Washington *Times* and is now Mr. Richard Mansfield's press representative.

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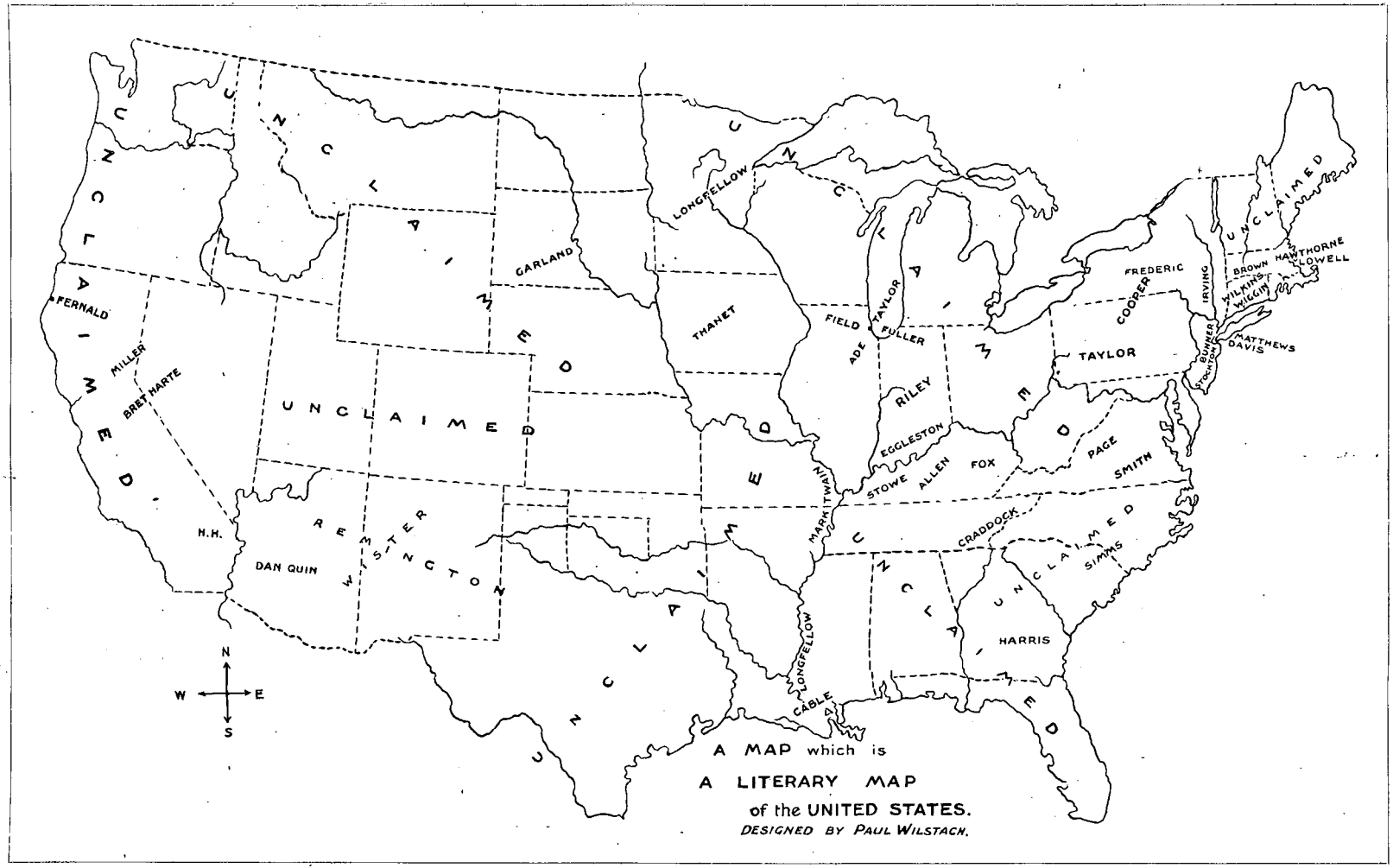

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LEOPARDI'S HOME

A continuous ascent of several miles leads from the little seaport of Recanati to the town of the same name. The wide expanse of undulating country seen from the road is bare and open, and except for the stunted growth of the olive, absolutely treeless. Being plentifully blessed with vines and wheat, it certainly cannot be described as a poor country; but while lacking the smiling beauty of other parts of Italy, it is also singularly deficient in that air of rural homeliness and comfort which is found in best perfection—and perhaps alone—in England, and for which, under Heaven, England is indebted to her landed gentry. Witness the case of France and Germany, where there exists no such gentry to speak of, nor any such beauty, either. And here, too, in this Italian scene, the rural buildings are harsh in outline, new-looking, or at least without history, and there is no trace of the care of an affluent race which for generations past has found its best pleasures and its warmest affections in the country. No, the gentlefolk of this neighbourhood have obviously turned their backs on country life, and crowded their dwellings together in the town. Thus the effect of the landscape, and its suggestions, strike one as peculiarly harsh and utilitarian. A new element is introduced when, a mile or two from the sea, a view is obtained of a glaring and imposing cathedral in the Roman style of architecture—the church of Our Lady of Loreto, built to commemorate the miraculous transportation of the house of Nazareth to that spot, and to this day the bourne of countless pilgrims. My pilgrimage being of another kind, I chose to pass on; but to a traveller mindful of the law of reaction whose thoughts were running on the Poet of Pessimism, this feature, too, was not without significance. Such, then, is the landscape which suggested to that poet the paradoxical notion of a treatise *Dell' Odio della Patria*.

Dismissing my vehicle, after what had seemed a tedious drive, I approached the town on foot. Recanati, which occupies a strong position, lying along the "hog's back" of a hill, may perhaps be best described as a Village of Palaces—vast, gloomy, dilapidated, almost windowless structures, with the like of which I had become already too familiar in Spain. But I hasten to add that the Palazzo Leopardi, which lies at the further side of the town, is not one of these. Vast it certainly is, but neither gloomy nor dilapidated, and it has the usual complement of windows. Passing through a noble entrance-hall, with lofty domed roof, I ascended by a handsome double staircase of white marble to what was the object of my pilgrimage—the library. And here an altogether unlooked-for piece of good fortune awaited me, for the servant sent to act as my guide—a man over eighty years of age—proved to be one who had spent his life in the service of the family, and who had lived for many years under the same roof with the poet, though, as he frankly acknowledged, he had never spoken to him. In three minutes this dear old man was my friend—not, reader, because I fee'd him, though there was a pleasure in the anticipation of so doing from which I would not have parted lightly; but because he, too, had his feelings in connection with the place, and he saw that I was no mere idle sightseer. And, indeed, the atmosphere of that room was heavy with poignant associations, and I gazed on bust and portrait of the poet with affection, as on the likeness of some "soul's best brother," unseen in the flesh, but made immortal by his genius.

A noble room, too, was this library, divided in the orthodox manner into successive compartments, which left a passage free, and lined with books, bound mostly in white vellum. In the first and largest compartment, my guide pointed to a writing-table as that of the elder Leopardi, where, it seems, he would spend his days, consuming a vast quantity of tobacco, and drinking as many as five or six cups of coffee in a day. The poet sat at a smaller table in the next compartment, where his inkstand, in the form of a pretty little classic urn, is still to be seen. And thus these two studious lives were passed. "Why were they not more happy?" one could not help asking.

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one's self. Then one reflected on the father's strange notion of his duty to his sons, on his crippling debts, and on the poet's miserable health. But at any rate this little glimpse of father and son working together in their library is in pleasant contrast to the stern and just indictment of the father contained in the celebrated letter written on the eve of the son's meditated flight from home. Then I turned to examine the poet's childish manuscripts, which are carefully preserved under glass. These date from his twelfth year, and consist of neat little books, written in a child's clear hand, ornamented with tasteful designs and tail pieces, and dealing with learned subjects of the most varied kinds; which include a History of Astronomy from the Earliest Times up to the Present, a Treatise on Natural History, Philosophical Dissertations, "Catone in Africa," a poem, and many others, and which recalled the singular and touching docquet appended by Count Leopardi to his son's text of the *Life of Plotinus:* "Oggi 31 Agosto 1814, questo suo lavoro mi donò Giacomo, mio primogenito figlio, che non ha avuto maestro di lingua greca, ed è in età di anni 16, mesi due, giorni due." From the library I passed on to a sunny little flower-garden, commanding a wide prospect over dark country to the dark Apennines beyond, and thence my guide pointed out to me the Casino, or country-house, of the Leopardis, lying some sixteen miles off in the distance. Then, when he had gathered me some pansies and ivy-leaves, and I had made him understand my gratification in having conversed with him, I bade him adieu and started upon Leopardi's favourite walk—a walk of about three-quarters of a mile in length on the outskirts of the town, whence he could catch a glimpse of the Adriatic. Before leaving the town, I also examined his monument; for, as Schopenhauer has now a monument in Frankfurt, so Leopardi has one in Recanati, where during life he complained of being held in such slight esteem:

Virtu viva sprezziam, lodiamo estinta.

The statue represents the poet standing, attired in a flowing cloak; and the head and shoulders are identical with those of the bust on the Pincian Hill—a head which with its studious air and rarely sympathetic expression appeals—to the male eye, at least — a thousand times more effectively than any of the Tassos, handsome men, or sculptors' ideals by which it is surrounded. It brings back to one's mind Ranieri's description of the poet's smile, "ineffabile, e quasi celestiale," and even without the assurance of the old serving-man one would have divined it to be life-like.

Ancona has been making preparations to celebrate the centenary of Leopardi's

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.
From the death mask.

birth* for two years past, and the reflection that Leopardi belonged to the same decade with Shelley, whom he survived by but fifteen years; brings before one with surprise the "modernness" of the Italian's philosophy as contrasted with the discredited revolutionaryism of Shelley, his vegetarian whims, and his tirades against priests and kings. But, of course, Shelley's strength lay not in his philosophy. And among our own poets it is perhaps rather in Gray that Leopardi meets his counterpart. In both, an equal richness and perfection of style is united with equal elevation of feeling and an inspiration which neither fails nor flags. But in the possession of a strongly-marked personality and of a philosophy which compels attention, the younger poet has immeasurably the advantage.

George Douglas.

* Leopardi was born in Ancona, on June 29, 1798.

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THE "CIGARETTE" AND "ARETHUSA" OF STEVENSON'S "AN INLAND VOYAGE"

The recent death of Sir Walter G. Simpson, Bart., the "Cigarette" of *An Inland Voyage*, recalls his close companionship with Robert Louis Stevenson. For a decade they journeyed frequently together, and in Edinburgh saw much of one another. Many who knew the "Arethusa's" companion were amused at the many drily salient remarks, the one ebullition of temper, and the one burst of possessed romancing over a Norway knife which were chronicled of the friend whom Stevenson calls "the imperturbable Cigarette," and whose love of canoeing fired Stevenson to take the trip, the log of which he turned into a classic. Sir Walter, though the antipodes of Stevenson in manner, complexion and build, shared his dislike to tourist-haunted routes. He had a yacht on the river

SIR WALTER G. SIMPSON, BART.

"R. L. S. IN THE BART.'S HAT," 1876.

Clyde for some seasons and cruised among the Western Isles. Stevenson, who knew the Ultima Thule of his native land from the *Pharos's* travel, sometimes joined Sir Walter, and "merry of soul" they sailed "by islands and seas and mountains of rain and sun." But there had been for some seasons more rain than sun and both friends liked plenty of the latter. The "Cigarette" inherited a taste for seafaring from his grandfather Walter Grindlay, a Baltic trading skipper. He and his brothers often launched their slim-built canoes on the gurly Firth of Forth, and paddled up to Stevenson's pet haunt, the Hawes Inn, by the Firth's broad watery high road. When an unconventional autumnal holiday was spoken of, Sir Walter, remembering his good ship *Cigarette* and being aweary of misty summers and grim seas, suggested combining canoeing and sunshine.

The history of this familiar friend of

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Stevenson's is easily summed up. Walter Grindlay Simpson was born some four years before his father, then a professor in Edinburgh, discovered in 1847 what a good man called "God's best blessing to His suffering children—chloroform." Simpson was seven years Stevenson's senior, and, like him, was a docile, lovable little chap, chiefly remarkable for his attractive looks and the colour and quantity of his golden hair. He was a second son and a devoted admirer of his elder brother David, a youth formed in a sterner, stronger mould. To Stevenson, who was always seeking after new experiences, it was a revelation to hear his friend the "Cigarette" speak of his juvenile days when, as one of five sons, he had had many adventures, enjoyments and disciplining knocks. Stevenson, sole ruler of his "bright fireside nursery clime," was amused to hear how "Cigarette" when a yellow-haired laddie was in receipt of an annual income of a halfpenny, which he earned by running all his brother David's errands. If he demurred, he was beaten with his masterful senior's glossy leather belt with a pain-giving clasp, a serpentine S, on it. Louis, having been a model little boy himself, hearkened with amused horror to the accounts of some escapades of his friend's youth. When David, who had a spice of dare-deviltry in him, escorted Walter to parties, he made a cat's-paw of his gentle-mannered, easily governed junior brother. His victim once had a gallows-like experience at his hands. David accidentally heard that some medical knowledge might be obtained from seeing a man hung; he wished even when in socks and blouses to be a doctor. So with a hangman's skill he strung up the protesting but ever-obedient Wattie and was watching his rosy face turning black, when a nurse cut short his precocious studies and rescued the choking "Cigarette." David went to the Edinburgh Academy, and his fair shadow Wattie of course followed him. "Cigarette" and "Arethusa" were at this school together, but Stevenson was in the "gytes" when his future friend was a sixth-form boy. At school, even if years had not separated them, they would have had little in common, for Walter Simpson though short was strongly built and athletic, a keen cricketer, and stood well to the fore in the playyard. Lew Stevenson shrank from boyish sports and consequently knew few even of the lads who sat on the bench with him. "Cigarette" would fain have played truant, as the "Arethusa" did, but a doctor's house is not a good place to malinger in. Assumed toothache kept him constantly from school, but the tooth was removed, and when the guileless Walter next feigned a headache he was told that it was instantly curable by the removal of the offending member. After that he plodded to his classes punctually. As he showed no special bent, and amiably wished to do as his elders bade, a merchant's career was chosen for him, and he was placed under the care of his father's comrade, Sir John Pender, of Atlantic cable fame. From the Manchester office he was advanced to Cairo, and while mastering his business there his prospects changed. He heard his father had at last accepted a baronetcy on New Year's Day, 1866—the first ever offered to a physician practising north of the Tweed. A few days later the new Sir James's distinguished son and able colleague, for he had become Dr. David, died after a brief illness, and a telegram recalled the quiet-going Walter from Egypt. He returned to a house of mourning, where the sorely bereaved father found that the new honours were "such baubles," for within a month, as well as his helpful first-born son, he lost his daughter, a girl of seventeen. Sir James sent the future baronet to Cambridge, where he was, as at school, well liked. He rowed for his college (Caius), locally, not as stroke of the 'Varsity boat, as some have stated, and he took his degree, as he took life, easily and unpretentiously. His father's health failing through overwork, he was recalled to Edinburgh, and helped to nurse his dying parent during his last month of forced inactivity. The "Cigarette" being, unlike the "Arethusa," anxious to please his father, offered to join his profession, but Sir James advised "his Wattie" to study for the bar, where he thought his title would help, instead of hampering him; so when in midsummer, 1870, he became Sir Walter, he turned his attention to his legal curriculum. About that time Louis, rebelling against his hereditary business, had, he says, a "dreadful evening walk" with Mr. Stev-

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enson senior, which ended in his abandoning engineering, and promising to do his best to have a plate fixed on 17, Heriot Row, with R. L. Stevenson, Advocate, thereon engraven. Thus it came about that Simpson and Stevenson, who had lived opposite one another for years, met one Speculative Society evening.

Stevenson was erratically wayward, but in the main very true to his impulsively formed friendships. Sir Walter was always "Wattie" to those in Edinburgh who had been to school with him; to those who knew him at Edinburgh University, at his club or golf green he was "the Bart.," or to his still more intimate companions "the Barry." Stevenson dropped into the use of the latter name, for he became a welcome guest at his friend's bachelor establishment in St. Colme street. The Bear's Den was one of his names for the Simpsons's new home, where Sir Walter and two other members of the doubly-orphaned 52 Queen street household lived together. Stevenson said the three bears growled if their special seats or special dishes were meddled with. The Bart. had his pipe and book on a shelf hard by a red velvet rocking-chair, and if anyone, even his favourite dog, sat on it, he, whose temper was hard to ruffle, grew testy. He also raised loud objections to the "Arethusa's" clothes, for, what with them and the sailor-like sacks they carried their canoeing luggage in, they were mistaken twice on their voyage for peddlers. He was simpler in his tastes than Stevenson, but preferred comfort to unnecessary roughing of it among grimy surroundings. From Stevenson's *outré* choice of dress he suffered often. He himself on tour was unvaryingly dressed in successive suits of pale grey flannel with unmistakeable British-cut knee breeches. "Here," writes Stevenson of him in the "Epilogue" to *An Inland Voyage*, when the "Cigarette" had been "culled like a wayside flower by a gendarme" and brought before the authorities to bear out the imprisoned and suspected "Arethusa's" tale, "here was a man about whom there could be no mistake, a man of unquestionable and unassailable manner, in apple-pie order, dressed not with neatness merely, but with elegance, ready with his passport at a word, and well supplied with money." Stevenson, standing smoking by the Bart.'s hearth (for he preferred standing to sitting, and he could slue around as on a pivot and face, while he addressed, a Little, a Middle, or a Big bear), used to like to see his friend in his conservative grey smoking-jacket, which had been part of his previous summer suit. As Stevenson said, it was to him a fellow-voyager and recalled rivers and sea or greenwood ruminations. Many a winter's evening Stevenson spent in Sir Walter's library, pacing the floor when excited, while his host sat with his pipe between his teeth and listened, unless he had some carefully thought-out views, always original, ofttimes oddly droll, to expound. Stevenson was a patient listener, notwithstanding his ability to talk like a well-written book. He helped his slower, hesitating friend from out of his store of words, helped, as it were, to clothe gracefully the strong framework (for the "Cigarette's" ideas had plenty of backbone in them) "our Barry" reared. Sir Walter was a deep-thinking, well-read man, studying philosophic works carefully. He had not his father's gift of taking the heart out of a book in a space as brief as a skillfully executed surgical operation, but having ample leisure he read slowly and digested what he perused thoroughly. He was well versed in foreign literature, but abroad his shy, halting expression luckily marked him as a British subject, so when Stevenson's unnatural glibness of tongue, along with his strange appearance, brought about his arrest, Sir Walter rescued him. "This *beau cavalier* unblushingly claimed the 'Arethusa' for his comrade!" Louis says in the "Epilogue." That was the time the "Cigarette's" Casabianca truthfulness very nearly landed them both in prison as he would not allow the commissary to dock his title of *et* and advance him to a baron. That walking sequel to their canoe cruise was stopped by the authorities, owing to Stevenson's unclassable appearance. The "Cigarette's" clean-shaven face and well-cropped head was a passport to his nationality; his juvenile fairness had toned down with years to an Anglo-Saxon *écru*, ashen colour. An American, writing of him from Gretz in a well-known transatlantic magazine, described him as Sir Walter Wimpson, the baronet with the

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neat legs who sat and read Kant in that artistic Bohemian centre.

Stevenson and his friend had opposite bents of mind, but they agreed well while differing. In the walking trip alluded to when the "Arethusa" was as usual arrested, they arranged to meet of an evening, but did not journey together. Their paces did not suit one another. Stevenson walked along with a precise toe-and-heel, swinging stride. Sir Walter's manner of locomotion was the reverse of Stevenson's. He took pounding, toddling, stumpy heel-and-toe steps. Once Stevenson and his artist cousin were at Fontainebleau with the baronet and his brother, and at the end of an avenue the Stevensons stopped and looked back. While talking volubly they had hurried ahead of their sturdy companions. The two Simpsons enquired why the Stevensons had been stabbed with laughter on their approach, and had it explained to them that their abrupt steps, along with their small, square-toed shoes, had suggested to the freakish cousins that it was a pity the brothers had not lived in the time of Louis XIV., and found royal favour by dumping in the uneven stone "causey" in the Route de Paris. The "Cigarette" and his diverse friend, however, accommodated their views as they did their pace, and both enjoyed meeting and exchanging ideas. When Stevenson was radiantly elated over a book or a friend he had newly found to his taste, the Barry hearkened, and let the "Arethusa's" excitement froth over before he expressed an opinion on either. Stevenson enlisted Sir Walter's generous practical sympathy for W. E. Henley, whom he found ill in Edinburgh Infirmary. Simpson's library was placed at the sick man's disposal. At once Louis began to climb to the highest shelves to select literature. He threw down his chosen volumes clumsily, and finally, when really but a few feet from the floor, feared to drop. He hung there as over an abyss in an agony of terror, till the kind-hearted baronet arose and helped him down and climbed his own shelves with sailor-like skill. He bowled the books on to his vacated chair with an unerring aim, and Stevenson, who had been prostrate with exhaustion, vowing Henley would have to read nothing but tract literature bestowed by religious visitors on him, for he could not face these precipitous shelves again, looked with admiration on his companion's nimble scaling powers; at the same time he abused him for being so selfish as to keep no ladder for feebler mortals.

Sir Walter, like Stevenson, practised little at the bar. He did not, like Stevenson, bolt when he had a few words to say, for he had a stubborn sureness about him as to what he wanted to express, though his tongue was not ready. The Speculative Society, for which Stevenson cherished such lasting tender recollections, heard more brilliant speeches from the Bart. than the bar. He was at home amongst its members, and they knew, despite his jerky delivery, that he could say his say in a dogged, emphatic, if not fluent form. He was not garrulous. He never spoke unless he had something he wished to explain, and his well-weighed speeches were also often full of singular keen contagious humour. The Bart.'s "Spec." dinners were in high repute in Stevenson's day. He was a free and easy, untroubled host. Simpson was very popular, being amiable, good-looking, hospitable, and endowed as eldest son with worldly possessions. "Who is that seedy looking boy Wattie Simpson walks across the Dean Bridge with every Sunday?" someone asked, observing Sir Walter and his friend who was little known in his native Edinburgh. When told who he was, he exclaimed, "What a daft-like laddie for a decent man to have for a son. I thought he was some foreign waif our good-humoured Bart. was befriending."

If Sir Walter did not pay much attention to law in the Parliament House, he was bitten there with a fancy for golf. By constant practice he became wonderfully proficient, and his difficulties in learning the game, his pleasure in wielding cleek or putter, he relates in his capital book, *The Art of Golf*. He inclined, like many otherwise idle advocates, to literature, edited some posthumous papers of his father's, and it was a source of regret to him and others that diffidence kept him from undertaking Sir James's biography instead of Dr. Duns. He wrote a variety of papers on a diversity of subjects, one a record of the cruise of a bigger *Cigarette*, a centre-board boat he yachted in on the Seine. He also finished some unpublished novels and

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stories, one short tale written in a competition with Stevenson and other three boon companions. This novel of Stevenson's with its rivals is likely, if not destroyed, to remain in manuscript, for it was, under promise, composed for three readers only. The capricious Stevenson was amused at the Bart.'s constancy to his fads and hobbies. By assiduous plodding he acquired excellence in golf and whist. His fancy for canaries, boating, French novels or philosophy was inborn. Sir Walter was interested in his friend's budding attempts at authorship, but he, like many others in the cold grey capital of the North, blinded by Louis's assumed, irresponsible, flighty manner of thought and action, believed that that and his poor health would prevent him from ever becoming more than a brilliant chatterer, a dabbling, amusing amateur writer. The Bart., clearing out his smoking-jacket pockets, which were bulging with a week's accumulation of letters, came to the conclusion they were burdened by unnecessarily superfine compositions from Stevenson, instead of the bare yea or nay or hour of meeting required. Looking over to Stevenson towering above him, his elbow on the ledge of the bookcase, he remarked, "I believe you expect to be famous some day and have a bulky biography written?" Others present laughed at the idea, and so did Stevenson. "Well, look here," continued the baronet, knocking the ashes out of his tawny meerschaum and filling it slowly; "don't you trouble writing high-falutin' notes to me, for every letter of yours goes into the fire." This was about the time the "Cigarette" followed his travels alongside the "Arethusa's" again, for Stevenson in the subsequent winter reported frequently how with toil and trouble he compiled "the log" of their mutual journeyings. Stevenson somehow annexed a grey wide-awake which had voyaged with the "Cigarette" from Antwerp to Pontoise. He was photographed in it. "R. L. S. in the Bart.'s hat," Mrs. Stevenson called this portrait of her son. Sir Walter on being presented with a picture of his late headgear, remarked that Louis had not the knack of cocking his beaver, and made a once decent hat look disreputable. It was not only on water they travelled side by side, but regularly spring and autumn they went to Fontainebleau Forest. Stevenson liked Barbizon, Simpson preferred Gretz, where there was river and boats and bathing, for the baronet was as expert a swimmer as he was a skater, arts he learned in youth and not acquired like golf, after twenty-five. Stevenson and Simpson walked together on winter Sunday afternoons, and had many fireside talks, sometimes serious, frequently argumentative, and very often full of quirk, jest, and happy repartee, for Stevenson was as able a hand at compiling a book of nonsense as at rivalling Sterne in recording the sentimental side of his journeys. Louis in these days posed only as a mirthful, inconsequent talker, full of fantastic chimeras, a great builder of castles in the air. His friend, "Cigarette," was so earnest over his play, so studious too, in his way, that it seemed he was the more likely to make his mark than the "Arethusa." No one suspected that under the sunny butterfly nature, the superficial, flighty manner of Stevenson, there was a tortoise-like surety of progress towards his goal, namely to become a consummate master of the pen. He looked more like the hare, anxious one minute to speed ahead, turning aside the next to loiter in pastures green.

After some ten years of constant companionship the "Cigarette" and "Arethusa" steered their courses in different directions. Stevenson married in 1880, and his friend soon followed his lead. Stevenson was willingly forced to live in the south, and after his marriage he only paid his native land an occasional visit. The "Cigarette" also left Edinburgh for the seclusion of the country, where he spent some years of sadly impaired health, hard to bear, for a once strong man, and did not very long survive his fellow voyager in the water ways of France.

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MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH AS A PARODIST

There is one phase of Mr. Quiller-Couch's literary career which is not represented in his published writings. The new reprint in nine volumes recently published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons entirely overlooks it. It would seem as if Mr. Quiller-Couch himself wished to forget it, and yet good parodists are not so common that their work can be so lightly overlooked or so readily forgotten.

During Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford years he contributed a number of fugitive pieces to the columns of the *Oxford Magazine*, which began its issue in January, 1883. Many of these were collected in a volume entitled *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, being reprints of seven years and published by Henry Frowde, London, in 1890; but the book is so very rare and the opportunity so tempting that we have concluded to give our readers some specimens of Mr. Quiller-Couch's work in this field. In every case the effusions were signed with the simple letter "Q," which, however, has been identified with Mr. Quiller-Couch.

WILLALOO.

By E. A. P.

In the sad and sodden street,
To and fro,
Flit the fever-stricken feet
Of the freshers as they meet,
Come and go;
Ever buying, buying, buying
Where the shopmen stand supplying,
Vying, vying
All they know,
While the Autumn lies a-dying,
Sad and low
As the price of summer suitings, when the winter breezes blow,
Of the summer, summer suitings that are standing in a row
On the way to Jericho.

See the freshers as they row
To and fro,
Up and down the Lower River for an afternoon or so—
(For the deft manipulation
Of the never-resting oar,
Though it lead to approbation,
Will induce excoriation)—
They are infinitely sore;
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme
Up and down the way to Iffley in an afternoon or so:
(Which is slow).
Do they blow?
'Tis the wind and nothing more;
'Tis the wind that in vacation has a tendency to go:
But the coach's objurgation and his tendency to "score"
Will be sated—nevermore.

See the freshers in the street,
The élite!
Their apparel how unquestionably neat!
How delighted at a distance,
Inexpensively attired,
I have wondered with persistence
At their butterfly existence!
How admired!
How I envy the vermilion of the vest!
And the violet imbedded in the breast!
As it tells,
"This is best
To be sweetly overdressed,
To be swells,
To be swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
To be simply and indisputably swells."

See the freshers one or two,
Just a few,
Now on view,
Who are sensibly and innocently new;
How they cluster, cluster, cluster
Round the rugged walls of Worcester!
Book in hand,
How they stand
In the garden ground of John's!
How they dote upon their Dons!
See in every man a Blue!
It is true
They are limited and lamentably few.
But I spied
Yesternight upon the staircase just a pair of boots outside!
On the floor,
Just a little pair of boots upon the stairs where I reside,
Lying there and nothing more
And I swore
While these dainty twins continued sentry by the chamber door
That the hope their presence planted should be with me evermore,
Should desert me—nevermore.

TWILIGHT.

By W-ll-m C-wp-r.

'Tis evening. See with its resorting throng
Rude Carfax teems, and waistcoats, visited
With too familiar elbow, swell the curse
Vortiginous. The boating man returns,
His rawness growing with experience—
Strange union! and directs the optic glass
Not unresponsive to Jemima's charms

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Who wheels obdurate, in his mimic chaise
Perambulant, the child. The gouty cit
Asthmatical, with elevated cane
Pursues the unregarding tram as one
Who, having heard a hurdy-gurdy, girds
His loins and hunts the hurdy-gurdy-man
Blaspheming. Now the clangorous bell proclaims
The *Times* or *Chronicle*, and Rauca screams
The latest horrid murder in the ear
Of nervous dons expectant of the urn
And mild domestic muffin.

To the Parks
Drags the slow crocodile, consuming time
In passing given points. Here glows the lamp,
And teaspoons clatter to the cosy hum
Of scientific circles. Here resounds
The football field with its discordant train,
The crowd that cheers but not discriminates,
As ever into touch the ball returns
And shrieks the whistle, while the game proceeds
With fine irregularity well worth
The paltry shilling.
Draw the curtains close
While I resume the night-cap dear to all
Familiar with my illustrated works.

D. T. FABULA;

Or, Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Am I hoaxed by a scout?
Are things what they seem,
Or is Sophists about?
Is our *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι* a failure,
Or is Robert Browning played out?

Which expressions, though strong,
Are (or mild
As the Warden's Souchong)
To the words of this child
When he sees a Society busted,
Or otherwise sp'iled.

'Twas December the third,
And I said to Bill Nye,
"Which it's true what I've heard,
If you're, so to speak, fly,
There's a chance of some tea and tall culture—
The sort they call 'High.'"

Which I mentioned its name,
And he ups and remarks,
"If dress coats is the game
And pow-wow in the parks,
I'm nuts on the Rabbi Ben Ezra,
The same I call larks."

But the pride of Bill Nye
Cannot well be expressed;
For he wore a white tie
And a cutaway vest.
Says I, "Solomon's lilies ain't in it,
And *they* were well-dressed."

But not far did we wend
When we met an old Don,
Who was sobbing no end,
With his Sunday best on;
And he groaned and said "Busted, by jingo!"
And then he was gone.

And I said, "This is odd;"
But we came pretty quick
To a sort of quad
That was all of red brick;
And I said to the porter, "R. Browning,
And kindly look slick."

But he looked on Bill Nye,
And he looked upon me;
And the gleam in his eye
Was quite dreadful to see.
Says he, "The Society's busted,
Which some say it's Tea."

Then we took off our coats,
Showed our sleeves (which were b'iled)—
Which the same denotes
That a party is riled—
And we went for that man till his mother
Had doubted her child.

But I ask, Do I dream?
Am I hoaxed by a scout?
Are things what they seem,
Or is Sophists about?
Is our *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι* a failure,
Or is Robert Browning played out?

*The Oxford Browning Society expired at Keble the week before this was written—December 8, 1886.

CALIBAN UPON RUDIMENTS.*

Or, Autoschediastic Theology in a Hole.

By R. B——g.

Rudiments, Rudiments, and Rudiments!
Thinketh one made them i' the fit o' the blues.

Thinketh, one made them with the "tips" to match,
But not the answers: doubteth there be none,
Only Guides, Helps, Analyses, such as that;
Also this Beast, that groweth sleek thereon,
And snow-white bands that round the neck o' the same.

Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease.
Hath heard that Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands, and the rest o't. That's the case.
Also hath heard they pop the names i' the hat,
Toss out a brace, a dozen stick inside;
Let forty through and plough the sorry rest.

Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in them,
Only their strength, being made o' sloth i' the main—
Am strong myself compared to yonder names
O' Jewish towns i' the paper. Watch th' event—
Let twenty pass, have a shot at twenty-first,
Miss Ramoth-Gilead, take Jehoiakim.
Let Abner by and spot Melchizedek.
Knowing not, caring not, just choosing so,
As it likes me each time, I do; so they.

*Caliban museth of the new extinct examination in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion.

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Saith they be terrible; watch their feats i' the Viva.
One question plays the deuce with six months' toil.
Aha, if they would tell me! No, not they!
There is the sport. "Come read me right or die!"
All at their mercy—why they like it most
When—when—well, never try the same shot twice!
Hath fled himself and only got up a tree.
* * * * * *
Will say a plain word if he gets a plough.

KENMARE RIVER

'Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Tis pretty to be in Ballindoon,
But 'tis prettier far in County Kerry
Coortin' under the bran' new moon—
Aroon, Aroon!

'Twas there by the bosom of blue Killarney
They came by the hunther' a-coortin' me;
Sure I was the one to give back their blarney,
And ivery man an I. R. B.

But niver a stip in the lot was lighter
An' divvle a boulder among the bhoys,
Than Phelim O'Shea, me dynamither,
Me illigant arthist in clock-work toys.

'Twas all for love he would bring his figgers
Of iminent statesmen, in toy machines,
An' hould me hand as he pulled the thriggers
An' blew the thraytors to smithereens.

An' to see the Queen in her Crystial Pallus
Fly up to the roof, an' the windeys broke!
And all with divvle a thrace of malus—
But he was the bhoy that enjoyed his joke!

Then, oh! but his cheek would flush, an' "Bridget,"
(He'd say) "will yez love me?" But I'd be coy,
And answer him, "Arrah, now dear, don't fidget!"
Though at heart I loved him, me arthist bhoy!

One night we stood by the Kenmare River,
An' "Bridget, creina, now whist," said he,
"I'll be goin' to-night an' maybe for iver,
Open your arms at the last to me."

An' there by the banks of the Kenmare River,
He tuk in his hands me white, white face,
An' we kissed our first an' our last for iver—
For Phelim O'Shea is disparsed in space.

'Twas pretty to be by blue Killarney,
'Twas pretty to hear the linnet's call,
But whist! for I cannot attind their blarney
Nor whistle in answer at all, at all.

For the voice that he swore 'ud out-call the linnet's
Is cracked intoirely, an' out of chune,
Since the clock-work missed it by thirteen minutes
An' scatthered me Phelim around the moon—
Aroon, Aroon!

"BEHOLD! I AM NOT ONE THAT GOES TO LECTURES."

By W. W——n.

Behold! I am not one that goes to lectures or the pow-wow of professors.
The elementary laws never apologize; neither do I apologize.
I find letters from the Dean dropt on my table—and every one is signed by the Dean's name—
And I leave them where they are; for I know that as long as I stay up
Others will punctually come forever and ever.
I am one who goes to the river,
I sit in the boat and think of "life" and of "time."
How life is much, but time is more; and the beginning is everything.
But the end is something.
I loll in the parks, I go to the wicket, I swipe.
I see twenty-two young men from Foster's watching me, and the trousers of the twenty-two young men.
I see the Balliol men en masse watching me. The Hottentot that loves his mother, the untutored Bedowee, the Cave man that wears only his certificate of baptism, and the Patagonian that hangs his testamur with his scalps.
I see the Don who ploughed me in rudiments watching me; and the wife of the Don who ploughed me in rudiments watching me.
I see the rapport of the wicket-keeper and umpire.
I cannot see that I am out.
Oh! you umpires!
I am not one who greatly cares for experience, soap, bull-dogs, cautions, majorities or a graduated income tax,
The certainty of space, punctuation, sexes, institutions, copiousness, degrees, committees, delicatesse, or the fetters of rhyme—
For none of these do I care; but least for the fetters of rhyme.
Myself only I sing. Me Imperturbe! Me Prononce!
Me progressive and the depth of me progressive,
And the *βάθος Anglice* bathos
Of me chanting to the public the song of Simple Enumeration.

UNITY PUT QUARTERLY.*

By A. C. S——ne.

The centuries kiss and commingle,
Cling, clasp and are knit in a chain;
No cycle but scorns to be single,
No two but demur to be twain,
'Till the land of the lute and the love-tale
Be bride of the boreal breast,
And the dawn with the darkness shall dovetail,
The East with the West.

*Suggested by an article in the *Quarterly Review* (1887) enforcing the unity of literature ancient and modern, and the necessity of providing a new School of Literature in Oxford.

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The desire of the grey for the dun nights
  Is that of the dun for the grey;
The tales of the Thousand and One Nights
  Touch lips with the *Times* of to-day.
Come, chasten the cheap with the classic;
  Choose, Churton, thy chair and thy class,
Mix, melt in the must that is Massic
  The beer that is Bass!

Omnipotent age of the Aorist!
  Infinitely freely exact,
As the fragrance of fiction is fairest
  If frayed in the furnace of fact—
Though nine be the Muses in number
  There is hope if the handbook be one—
Dispelling the planets that cumber
  The path of the sun.

Though crimson thy hands and thy hood be
  With the blood of a brother betrayed,
O Would-be Professor of Would-be,
  We call thee to bless and to aid.
Transmuted would travel with Er, see
  The Land of the Rolling of Logs,
Charmed, chained to thy side, as to Circe
  The Ithacan hogs.

O bourne of the black and the godly!
  O land where the good niggers go,
With the books that are borrowed of Bodley,
  Old moons and our castaway clo'!
There, there, till the roses be ripened
  Rebuke us, revile, and review,
Then take thee thine annual stipend
  So long overdue.

TITANIA.

By Lord T——n.

So bluff Sir Leolin gave the bride away.
And when they married her, the little church
Had seldom seen a costlier ritual.
The coach and pair alone were two-pound-ten,
And two-pound-ten apiece the wedding cakes—
Three wedding cakes. A Cupid poised a-top
Of each hung shivering to the frosted loves
Of two fond cushats on a field of ice,
As who should say, "*I* see you." Such the joy
When English-hearted Edwin swore his faith
With Mariana of the Moated Grange.

For Edwin, plump head-waiter at the Cock,
Grown sick of custom, spoilt of plenitude,
Lacking the finer wit that saith, "I wait,
They come; and if I make them wait, they go,"
Fell in a jaundiced humour petulant-green,
Watched the dull clerk slow-rounding to his cheese,
Flicked a full dozen flies that flecked the pane—
All crystal-cheated of the fuller air,
Blurted a free "Good-day t' ye," left and right,
And shaped his gathering choler to this end.

"Custom! And yet what profit of it all?
The old order changeth giving place to new,
To me small change, and this the counter-change
Of custom beating on the self-same bar—
Change out of chop. Ah, me! the talk, the tip,
The would-be-evening should-be-morning suit,
The forged solicitude for petty wants
More petty still than they—all these I loathe
Learning they lie who feign that all things come
To him that waiteth. I have waited long,
And now I go, to mate me with a bride
Who is a-weary waiting, even as I!"

But when the amorous moon of honeycomb
Was over, ere the matron-flower of Love—
Step-sister of To-morrow's marmalade—
Swooned scentless, Mariana found her lord
Did something jar the nicer feminine sense
With usage, being all too fine and large,
Instinct of warmth and colour, with a trick
Of blunting "Mariana's" keener edge
To "Mary Ann"—the same but not the same;
Whereat she girded, tore her crispéd hair
Called him "Sir Churl," and ever calling "Churl!"
Drave him to Science, then to Alcohol,
To forge a thousand theories of the rocks,
Then somewhat else for thousands dewy-cool,
Wherewith he sought a more Pacific isle
And there found love, a darker love than hers.

AT THE EQUINOX

While light and darkness hold the scales in starry equipoise,
And south winds wake in greening vales the spring-tide's budding joys,
The wood-thrush answers tenderly the bluebird's liquid trills,
The marsh-frogs pipe a note of glee in hollows of the hills,
Above the growing twilight blush the cry of wild geese rings
Far sailing o'er the valley's hush with sunlight on their wings.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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ENGLISH NOVELISTS AS DRAMATISTS

The novelist and the dramatist work toward the same end by such different means that it is not astonishing how few writers have succeeded alike, as Bulwer Lytton succeeded, in one medium of fiction and the other. Novelists have written plays, and dramatists have written novels, though I do not remember any other example of a living dramatist's novel than Mr. Sydney Grundy's *The Days of his Vanity*, of which I recall nothing but the name. Mr. Wilson Barrett's narrative version of his drama, *The Sign of the Cross*, was only the play in novel form. If such a sordid consideration may be entertained for one moment, the dramatist's reward—in a mere worldly sense—is much greater than the publishers can offer. A very popular novelist not long ago assured the present writer that the fees he had divided with the author of a dramatic version of one of his novels had made him richer than all his books put together. At the time of writing, I believe, Mr. J. M. Barrie still derives from the representations of *The Little Minister*, in England and in America, a tidy sum of $2,000 a week. In condescending to such "disgusting details," as Dr. Johnson said in discussing a question of domestic finance, it is simply my intention to show that it is with no beggarly gift to Fame that the theatre in these days appeals to the literary man. The theatre is sadly in want of good plays, and the theatre can afford to pay for them.

The novelists are not irresponsive. At the Haymarket Theatre, London, where *The Little Minister* of Mr. J. M. Barrie is an established success, a novelist will follow a novelist, for the next piece at that theatre will be by Dr. Conan Doyle. The name of a third novelist is indirectly associated with Dr. Doyle in the authorship of *The Brothers*, for the piece was suggested by a story by Mr. James Payn, who had produced, many years ago, a play upon the subject—his first and last contribution to the theatre. Reversing the ordinary process, Mr. Payn turned his unsuccessful play into a book, in which Dr. Doyle has found the germ, at least, of his new piece. Dr. Conan Doyle is also writing a play in which a character he has already made famous in fiction—Sherlock Holmes, the detective—will take the stage. This play, however, is no mere adaptation of the well-known stories of Sherlock Holmes, for the detective will appear as the hero of fresh adventures. It is not improbable that the character may be taken by a popular actor who has already been furnished with one of his most effective parts by the same author. For Dr. Doyle's little play, *A Story of Waterloo*, gave a fine part to Sir Henry Irving, whose impersonation of the aged, decrepit, tetchy Corporal Brewster, with his enthusiasm, to the last, for "the Dook," is certainly not the least memorable of that actor's achievements in his later years. This little play was so dexterously adapted to the stage from a short story by the same hand, that the obligations of Dr. Doyle, the dramatist, to Dr. Doyle, the novelist, were not even suspected by the critics of the theatre. In the play, the author's faculty as a dramatist is shown by the selection as well as by the rejection of materials in the story. Dr. Conan Doyle began as a dramatist by "trying his wings," as Alexandre Dumas advised young dramatists to do, with a short piece. Although his name had appeared in a playbill before the production of *A Story of Waterloo*, as joint author with Mr. Barrie of the comic opera *Jane Annie; or, The Good Conduct Prize*, his first contribution to the theatre was a witty, ingenious trifle called *Foreign Policy*, played for a short season, five years ago, at Terry's Theatre in London.

A new comedy, by Mr. Anthony Hope, called *The Adventures of Lady Ursula*, has already been played in America and will be produced later on in England. In the dramatic version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which introduced Mr. Hope to the theatre, there was not so much of Mr. Hope as of Mr. Edward Rose, who prepared the story for the stage. If the play did not reproduce the characteristic graces of the author of the story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the fault lies

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with the adapter, and not altogether with him, but with the nature of things, for Mr. Hope's wit is of a volatile kind, which evaporates on the stage. Even when the very words of the novel were repeated on the stage they were less effective than the commonplace language of the theatre, in which the play, for the most part, was written. Wit is not the sole substance of a play. It is not even an essential. A play appeals not so much to the understanding as to the feelings, not so directly to the mind as to the heart and the eye; and Mr. Rose's homespun was better suited to the wear and tear of the stage than the airy texture of Mr. Hope's work.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has given nothing more to the theatre than his consent to the dramatisation of his novel *Under the Red Robe*. Two authors more unlike than Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman could hardly be named, yet Mr. Edward Rose, who understands the business of the stage, has reduced them to a common denominator, and has made of *Under the Red Robe* a popular play in exactly the same style and of the same class exactly as *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Mr. Weyman, however, has nothing of Mr. Hope's ardour for the theatre. I am told that he did not even see the play founded on his novel till long after it was produced on the stage. Of *The Man in Black* a dramatic version has already been produced outside London. But the drama of "cape and sword" is already going out of fashion, and Mr. Weyman's novels for the future may escape the attentions of the dramatist in search of the picturesque. Dramatic as the episodes are in Mr. Weyman's stories, the feeling for the theatre is not exhibited in his work as it is in that of Mr. Anthony Hope, who has the instinct of polite comedy, and even adopts a dramatic form in the dialogue of his novels. A succession of episodes, dramatic in themselves, does not constitute a drama. Every scene of a play must be a dependent part of the whole; on the other hand, in a novel of adventure, the scenes are connected only like the separate railway carriages of a train. In adopting such novels for the stage, the dramatist has to leave out even more than he has to put in; and neither course is an improvement upon the original design. The sentimental blackguard of the acting version of *Under the Red Robe* is a less consistent character than the Gil de Berault of the novel, and the dignity of Cardinal Richelieu was demeaned on the stage by the mean theatrical artifice to which he resorted for the purpose of making the lovers happy in the end.

When the author of a popular novel dramatises his own work, he may fare no better. He may fare even worse. Mr. Gilbert Parker's experiment with *The Seats of the Mighty* may be taken as an example—and a warning. Mr. Parker, however, is commonly said to have written this piece under the very eye of the actor who played the leading part. Such a course is not invariably an advantage. The result in this particular case was that the interest of the play was concentrated upon the figure of Doltaire, instead of upon the intrigue in which he was concerned, and the hero and heroine of the novel were unceremoniously pushed aside to make way for the overweening villain. For this breach of the rules, Mr. Parker had to pay the penalty. That he should have erred in this way, and erred deliberately, is surprising, for Mr. Parker was not, as was generally supposed, a writer utterly inexperienced in the ways of the theatre. In his colonial days, before he made a world-wide reputation as a novelist, he wrote for the stage.

To write for the theatre one must have a taste for the theatre. Now Mr. George Moore has not followed his natural inclination, but has endeavoured, on the contrary, to master it, in directing his literary talent to the stage. He has no sympathy with the theatre; indeed, he has not dissembled his dislike for it. No man has written more contemptuously of the actor; and I am not aware that Mr. Moore ever has expressed any faith in the ideal drama. Mr. Moore is a critic and a novelist, and even in his novels the critical faculty is more remarkable than the creative. He is one of those who take the novelist's calling more seriously than the casual reader. It is not merely for the sake of telling a story, but as a criticism of life, that such a work as *Esther Waters* is written. There is nothing of the "theatrical" in

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Mr. Moore's novels. Tacitly, he has allowed it to be understood that he saw, at least, a ray of hope for the drama when he associated himself with the council of the Independent Theatre Society. He gave something more than his blessing to the Society, for it was under the direction of the Independent Theatre that his most important contribution to the stage was performed.

The production of *The Strike at Arlingford* had all the excitement of a challenge. Mr. George R. Sims appeared as the champion of the dramatists who had been attacked by Mr. Moore. Mr. Sims asked the Independent Theatre Society to show the world an example of the more artistic form of play. In calling for the tune, he agreed to pay the piper. He offered a donation of a hundred pounds to enable them to produce a play different from, and better than, that of "the ordinary commercial stage." In due course the Society responded with Mr. Moore's drama, in which the relations of capital and labour were illustrated in a manner quite as fantastic as the arrangement for the performance by which Mr. Moore provided the labour and Mr. Sims the capital. In a note to the printed edition of *The Strike at Arlingford*,* Mr. Moore says of his play that "the labour dispute is an externality to which I attach little importance." This will not do. An audience will not accept that as an excuse for the unbusinesslike management of the strike. Ignorance of economical principles and errors of detail, which the author might have corrected simply by reference to the reports of the Labour Commission, produce a more damaging impression of unreality in the printed play than they do on the stage. Yet the piece is more interesting to read than it was in representation; not because "the development of the moral idea," which is avowedly the author's chief concern, is any more convincing one way than the other, but because the play is in a sense—which is not the dramatic sense—well written. The scene in which Lady Anne and Baron Steinbach watch John Reid's hand-to-hand fight with the miners is (like the "moral idea") insufficiently developed for effect on the stage. No actress could make anything of Lady Anne's "See if they've killed him. Here, take the glasses"; and when the poor wretch staggers into Lady Anne's drawing-room, where he sees her in Steinbach's arms, and she asks, "Are you hurt?" John Reid is simply speaking the fine language of the theatre when he says, "Mortally, though hardly a blow reached me." His irony, however, is wasted upon Lady Anne, who goes on preparing for her departure as unconcernedly as Charlotte "went on cutting bread and butter" when Werther was carried by on a shutter. The tendency to fine writing, which affects most novelists when they write for the stage, is not absent, for once, from Mr. Moore's work; and I confess that I am baffled by the unfathomable profundity of such remarks by the capitalist Steinbach as "Renunciations are often but the efforts of the feeble to realise themselves," and "In the modern world mysticism finds expression in socialism and science." It might just as well be said that socialism finds expression in mysticism and science, or that science finds expression in mysticism and socialism, or—exactly reversing the proposition—that socialism and science find expression in mysticism. At the end of the play—when, by the way, there is no indication of the end of the strike, which is, presumably, to be left to settle itself—John Reid commits suicide, Ellen Sands approving. Suicide as a "logical conclusion" is only one more of the conventionalities of the drama. To me, the greatest surprise of *The Strike at Arlingford* was to find an uncompromising realist like Mr. Moore putting his name to a play of the sort.

An elegant trifle, *Journeys End in Lovers Meeting*, in the authorship of which Mr. George Moore was associated with "John Oliver Hobbes," was played three or four years ago at a "morning performance," and has since then had an uncertain existence on the stage, owing only to the fact, I believe, that it became the property of Miss Ellen Terry, who has rarely had an opportunity of presenting it. This little piece, which was described in the French style as a "proverb," was a variation of a theme of a little play in the repertory of the Théâtre Français, in which the situation occurs of a husband who is playfully blindfolded, and so allows his wife's impor-

*London: Walter Scott, 1893.

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tunate lover to escape unseen. The names of the characters—Lady Soupise and Captain Maramour—are a little precious, and it hardly affects the merits of the piece that the proverb which gives it a title has no application whatever to the matter of the story. The only reason I can find for calling it *Journeys End in Lovers Meeting* is that it had to be called something. Mr. Moore has also written a little French play, entitled (if I may trust my memory) *Le Sycomore;* and a translation of a French comic opera (if an anonymous work of his salad days may be included in this record) completes the tale of his contributions to the theatre.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore is not a dramatist "with a past," but with a future. As readers of his novels know to their amusement, he has the gift of dramatic exposition and a talent for writing sprightly dialogue which seems, if I may say so, to take the stage. A play in one act and in blank verse—these are the ordinary, early symptoms of stage fever in a literary man—was his first work for the stage. In *The Queen's Room,* which was played at the Opera Comique Theatre, the feeling for the stage was more remarkable than the feeling for poetry. Upon an historical basis Mr. Moore founded a purely imaginary "episode"—the play was not described as a play, but simply as an "episode," and an episode is, at best, but part of a play—in the love affairs of Queen Mary and Chastelard. Mr. Moore has probably since discovered that he is not a poet, though he can spin verses with fluency and with taste. Such a line as that which says of love that it becomes, when in the presence of the adored one, "as ghastly as an oyster on the seas," either means that the oyster is a sad rover, or it means nothing. *Kitty Clive,* which was derived from one of the author's stories, is not only as striking an example of successful adaptation of narrative fiction to the stage as Mr. Conan Doyle's *Story of Waterloo,* but is, like that little piece, one of the few really good plays in one act of a generation. As a medium for the exhibition of acting, Mr. Moore's little play is perhaps the better work, and Kitty Clive, as the character is elaborated and diversified by Mr. Moore, affords such an opportunity for fine acting as may not be found in plays of greater length. The circumstances in which Kitty Clive finds herself at a country inn, where she befools a pompous comedian by the force of her acting, are well imagined; and this compact little play is not less remarkable for the author's skill in the artifices of the stage than for the literary ability with which the historic sense is sustained in the pretty wit of the dialogue. Mr. Moore very cleverly catches the manner of a bygone period for the purpose of the stage. Another little play of his, *Oliver Goldsmith,* dealing with the story related by Boswell of the sale of the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield,* was first presented five years ago in Dublin on the occasion of the Trinity College Tercentenary, and has since been played all through the British Isles. Mr. Moore's success in dealing tactfully with historic personages, without making them talk in the big bow-wow style, is strongly contrasted with the emphatic failure of a little play on precisely the same subject produced in London.

Mr. Moore's *Phyllis of Philistia* already exists as an unacted comedy, and he is engaged in preparing a version for the stage of his latest novel, recently published, *The Millionaires.* Of these things, however, it is yet too soon to write. For the present purpose, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*

Edward Morton.

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CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE

II.—Heinrich Seidel.

What a pleasure it is (and what a rare one) to meet a man who in the midst of an active and busy career, surrounded by humdrum cares and duties, struggling with the stern realities of existence, has still preserved all the joyfulness, receptivity, and fancifulness of his childhood and who above the noise and din of his work-a-day world leads a life of gay and sunny visions! Such a man is Heinrich Seidel. In reading him we are made to forget that there is a threatening social question, that there is an imperious popular demand for sweeping political reforms; or rather, we are made to feel that these social and political reforms will be of no avail, if they do not involve the maintenance and strengthening of those virtues of individual character which are the foundation of all society: faith, purity, discipline, cheerfulness, loyalty, love.

Seidel is the poet of the commonplace, more especially of the commonplace in modern city life. He has the pure and unclouded eye which detects joy and inspiration even in the monotonous drudgery of the factory and the counting room, and which finds a reflex of the divine even in back alleys and tenement houses. He has that reverence for the humble and the unpretentious which makes him discover worlds of feelings, longings, and aspirations where others would see nothing but anonymous philistinism. He is the Ludwig Richter of modern German burgherdom.

To what extent Seidel even now, as a man of over fifty, is dominated by the impressions of his youth, we see in his recently published autobiography. It is a touching sight to see this strong, martial looking man, this hardy Mecklenburger who made his way from his father's country parsonage to a leading position in the engineering department of one of the foremost German railway systems, who may justly claim the honour of having achieved one of the most remarkable feats of modern iron architecture: the huge iron frame roof that overarches the Anhalter Bahnhof at Berlin—to see such a man revelling in the simplest odds and ends of family recollections, and taking an infinite delight in the most harmless kind of friendly jokes.

I select a few scenes which will give an idea of the poetic charm that surrounds the matter-of-fact experiences of this honest German burgher. Speaking of the fine sense of justice which surprises us so often in children with regard to the kind of punishment meted out to their offences, Seidel recalls an occasion where the fact that he received less of a retribution than he knew he deserved tormented him more deeply than any chastisement that had ever been inflicted on him.

> I had teased my little brother Werner by bending a piece of whalebone back and letting it snap against his hand—as every boy knows, a very painful device. He cried for mother. She came, and as a punishment simply struck me with the slender whalebone a few times on the palm of my hand, which of course I hardly felt. But in my heart I felt it deeply, and a boundless admiration seized me for the goodness and magnanimity of my mother who thus misjudged me *meliorem partem*. I stole into a corner and my tears flowed freely. Even in after years, I could not get over the feeling of contrition that took hold of me, whenever I thought of this little incident. Had my mother punished me in the same painful way in which I had sinned, we should have been quits, and never would she have appeared to me in such an angelic light as was now the case.

The father appears to have entered much less deeply into young Seidel's life than the mother. He seems to have been a man entirely absorbed in his clerical duties and occasional poetic musings, and one cannot help thinking that the son often longed in vain for closer intimacy with him. There is, then, a peculiar pathos in the fact that after his death the thought of him seems to have been for years so constantly in Seidel's mind that it took the form of an ever and ever recurring dream. Seidel describes this dream in the following manner:

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My father had not really been buried, but in his place a coffin laden with stones; while he himself had gone far away and was now living as a wanderer in distant mountains. He had regained his health, and though he looked very emaciated, he had a brown healthy complexion and an elastic step. The longing to see his family again would from time to time draw him back to us; but it was a deep secret that he was still alive, and nobody was to know it. After a short sojourn with us, he would wander away again. Once I had this dream again, this time with the variation that people were on his track and we had to conceal him. We took him into a large subterranean wareroom, where one vault led to another, and sought for a hiding place among the innumerable boxes and bales that were stored there. All the while we heard the talking and walking about of the people who were in search of him. Finally the danger was past and we took him to the sea and bade him farewell. Over the sea a wooden bridge had been built, which toward the horizon lost itself in the distance. He took his long walking staff which was higher than himself, seized it about two-thirds of its length, and went out on the bridge, putting down the staff for support at every step. We stood on the shore looking after him, and he became smaller and smaller and finally disappeared at a little point in the distance. Since then this dream has not come again.

Even if we did not hear from Seidel himself that he is a great admirer of Amadeus Hoffman, the Romanticist of Romanticists, in conceptions like these—and there are many similar ones—we should detect the romantic element as an important part in Seidel's literary make-up. Fortunately, his romanticism has not a trace of Hoffmann's morbidness; it is inwardly sound; it is tempered by common sense and humour; and the result is that, far from leading us into a world of incongruous hallucinations, it gives us an enlarged view of reality, because it shows us reality in the glamour of an inner light which has its origin in regions inaccessible to the intellect.

None of Seidel's creations shows this two-fold character of his fancy more strikingly than that figure by which his name will probably longest be remembered; the inimitable Leberecht Hühnchen and his circle.

Here again we observe the intimate connection between Seidel's literary activity and the impressions of his own life; for the prototype of Leberecht Hühnchen was a fellow student of Seidel's at the *Polytechnikum* of Hanover whom in his autobiography he characterises thus:

Being of extremely slender means, he had to peg along through all sorts of hardships. But all the time something like sunshine emanated from him, and he knew how to find a serene side in everything. He could take infinite glee in grotesque conceptions and inventions. Once I found him sitting at his window and looking out upon the square in front with an expression of intense amusement. I asked him what entertained him so much. "Oh," said he, "I am only imagining that I could suddenly dart out my nose way off into the square and quickly draw it in again, so that I could tip with it the people yonder on the shoulder; and then, when they looked round, frightened and surprised, nobody would be there."

Here is the germ of that harmless, contented, moderately fantastic, and withal so thoroughly sound and useful life of which the good Leberecht forms the centre. But how this life has expanded under Seidel's hands, how its meaning has deepened!

The very opening scene suggests the charm of all that is to follow. For years the poet has lost all trace of his old college friend, when by accident he learns that he has obtained a subordinate position in one of the large Berlin iron foundries and is living somewhere in the outlying districts of the city. All the dear old recollections of their student days are revived by this news in Seidel's mind, and he starts out at once in quest of the long lost companion. Sauntering about in the quarter of the town to which he has been directed, he sees a little boy and girl playing on the front steps of an apartment house and deriving an immense amount of delight from turning their heads backward and letting it rain into their wide open mouths. At once the thought crosses Seidel's mind: these cannot but be Leberecht Hühnchen's children! He speaks to them, and forsooth! Hühnchen is their father! Merrily they run upstairs, three stories high, to announce the stranger, and soon the two friends have clasped hands once more.

From this scene to the last ones, depicting the joys and sorrows of Hühnchen's old age, his domestic comfort, the merry-making and holiday pleasures of the circle of friends that has gathered about him, the engagement and wedding of his daughter, the birth of the first grandson, and later on the death of a dear little grand-daughter—what a world of tender feeling, of genuine poetry, of

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deep religious faith, and of sturdy honesty there is revealed to us! It is not too much to say that not since Jean Paul's *Quintus Fixlein* has there been drawn a lovelier picture of what is most charming, most wholesome, and most German in German family life. And I doubt whether parental feelings have ever been described more truthfully and more poetically than in the following account of a night spent by a father at the sick-bed of his little boy:

The crisis of the illness had come, and when I had just lain down a little on the bed in my clothes, the boy began to be delirious. Suddenly he was on his knees and played eagerly with imaginary things. Something that could not be seen he would put constantly now here, now there, and then he would quickly grope with the hand after it, as though it were running away from him. "Wolfgang, what are you doing?" I asked. "Oh, I am playing with my store," he said, "but don't you see it is all running away from me, all the time, there—there—there." "My boy, you are dreaming," I said, and pressed him gently back on his pillow. "Ah, yes," said he then and lay patiently down on his side. But after a while he began again playing in the same manner. Then there seized me a nameless fright, and I began softly walking up and down, up and down through the room. And once as I stepped to the window and was staring out into the misty night, I saw something or believed to see something. Was it a vision with which my excited imagination deluded me? There, between the bushes of the garden it stood, like a long, lean, closely buttoned figure, shadowy but discernible. It was as though it were waiting for some one. And now it seemed as though this shadowy being took out a watch and looked at it searchingly, and then turned its dark, hollow eyes to the window where I was standing. And then it nodded its head, as if to say: "It is time." Then there spoke something in me, imploringly, although I could not bring a sound to my lips: "Go, go! thou frightful, cruel, pitiless one, go, go! and leave him to me, I beseech you from the depths of my soul. There are so many who long for thee, to whom thou comest as a redeemer, as a messenger of peace. Turn thy steps yonder, and leave him to me, leave my child to me!"

And it seemed to me, as though he was hesitating, the frightful shadow. Did he not stoop down and pick a poor little flower that stood there between some thin stalks, and did not he then vanish away in the mist? From the bed of my son I heard the sound of quiet breathing, for the first time this night. He was asleep. The next morning the doctor came, and his eyes shone when he saw the child. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "now we are through!"

Although Heinrich Seidel is not a young man any more (he was born in 1842), there is no sign of waning power in his recent writings. Indeed, his latest volume, *The Eyes of Memory and other Sketches*, has all the charm of sentiment and droll humour that pervades his early work. But even if his task were in the main done now, it would have been a task than which no man could wish for a worthier one. For what cannot be said of very many literary productions of our time, can be said of his: they have helped to make men happier and healthier.

Kuno Francke.

THE IMAGINATION IN WORK

The uses of the imagination are so little understood by the great majority of men, both trained and untrained, that it is practically ignored not only in the conduct of life, but of education. It receives some incidental development as a result of educational processes, but the effort to reach and affect it as the faculties of observation, of reasoning and of memory are made specific objects of training and unfolding is rarely made. It is relegated to the service of the poets and painters if it is recognised at all; and so far as they are concerned it is assumed that they will find their own way of educating this elusive faculty. As for other men, dealing with life from the executive or practical sides, it is taken for granted that if they have imagination they can find no proper use for it. Individual teachers have often understood the place and function of the imagination, and have sought to liberate and enrich it by intelligently planned study; but the schools of most, if not of all, times have treated it as a wayward and disorderly gift, not amenable to discipline and training, and of very doubtful value. There has always been, in every highly civilised society, a good deal that has appealed to this divinest of all the gifts with which men have been endowed; there have been periods in which the

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imagination has been stirred to its depths by the force of human energy and the play and splendour of human experience and achievement; but there has never yet been adequate recognition of its place in the life of the individual and of society, nor intelligent provision for its education. The movements of thought along educational lines in recent years show, however, a slow but steady drift toward a clearer conception of what the imagination may do for men, and of what education may do for the imagination.

So long as the uses of the imagination in creative work are so little comprehended by the great majority of men it can hardly be expected that its practical uses will be understood. There is a general if somewhat vague recognition of the force and beauty of its achievements as illustrated in the work of Dante, Raphael, Rembrandt and Wagner; but very few people perceive the play of this supreme architectural and structural faculty in the great works of engineering, or in the sublime guesses at truth which science sometimes makes when she comes to the end of the solid road of fact along which she has travelled. The scientist, the engineer, the constructive man in every department of work, use the imagination quite as much as the artist; for the imagination is not a decorator and embellisher, as so many appear to think; it is a creator and constructor. Wherever work is done on great lines or life is lived in fields of constant fertility the imagination is always the central and shaping power. Burke lifted statesmanship to a lofty plane by the use of it; Edison, Tesla and Roebling in their various ways have shown its magical quality; and more than one man of fortune owes his success more to his imagination than to that practical sagacity which is commonly supposed to be the conjuror which turns all baser metals into gold.

That splendour of the spirit which shines in the great art of the world shines also in all lesser work that is genuine and sincere; for the higher genius of man, which is the heritage of all who make themselves ready to receive it, is present in all places where honest men work, and moulds all materials which honest men handle. Indeed the most convincing evidence of the activity of this supreme faculty is to be found, not in the works of men of exceptional gift, but in the work of the obscure and undistinguished. It is impossible to energise the imagination among the workers without energising it among the artists; and artists never appear in great numbers unless there is in the common work of common men a touch of vitality and freshness. A real movement of the imagination is never confined to a class; it is always shared by the community. It does not come in like a group of unrelated rivulets fed by separate fountains; it comes like a tide, slowly or swiftly rising until it enfolds a wide reach of territory. The presence of a true art-spirit shows itself not so conclusively in a few noble works as in the touch of originality and beauty on common articles in common use; on furniture, and domestic pottery, and in the love of flowers.

The genius of a race works from below upward, as the seed sends its shoot out of the hidden place where it is buried; and when it becomes luminous in books, painting and architecture it glows also in out-of-the-way places and in things of humble use. The instinct for beauty which is more pronounced and fruitful among the Japanese than among any other modern people shows itself most convincingly in the originality, variety and charm of the shapes which household pottery takes on, and in the quiet but deep enjoyment of the blossoming apple or cherry, the blooming vine or the fragrant rose. It is the presence of beauty diffused through the life of a people in habit, taste, pleasure and daily use which makes the concentration of beauty in great and enduring works not only possible but inevitable; for if a people really care for beauty they will never lack artists to give enduring expression to that craving which, among men of lesser gift, shows itself in a constant endeavour to bring material surroundings into harmony with spiritual aspirations.

This play of the imagination over the whole landscape of life gives it perennial charm, because it perpetually re-forms and rearranges it; and the free movement of the imagination in all occupations and tasks not only makes work a delight, but gives it a significance and adequacy which make it the fit expression, not of a

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mere skill, but of an immortal spirit. The work from which this quality is absent may be honest and sincere, but it cannot be liberalising, joyful and contagious; it cannot give the nature free play; it cannot express the man. Patience, persistence, fidelity are fundamental but not creative qualities; the true worker must possess and practice them; but he must go far beyond them if he is to put himself into his work and bring his work into harmony with those spiritual conditions and aims which are the invisible but final standards and patterns of all works and tasks.

One may always get out of hard work the satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of an honest endeavour to do an honest piece of work; but the work which inspires rather than exhausts, and the doing of which gives the hand more freedom and power for the next task, must be penetrated, suffused and shaped by the imagination. The great lawyer, physician, electrician, teacher, builder must give his work largeness, completeness, and nobility of structure by the use of the imagination in as real and true a sense as the great poet or painter. Without it all work is hard, detached, mechanical; with it all work is vital, co-ordinated, original. It must shape, illumine and adorn; it must build the house, light the lamp within its walls and impart to it that touch of beauty which invests wood and stone with the lightness, the grace and the loveliness of spirit itself. We begin with the imagination; it holds its light over the play of childhood; it is the master of the revels, the enchantments and the dreams of youth; it must be also the inspiration of all toil and the shaping genius of all work.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

A PLEA

Treat me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,
Treat me nice.
Dough my love *has* tu'ned my brain,
Treat me nice.
I ain't done a t'ing to shame,
Lovahs all ac's jes' de same:
Don't you know we ain't to blame?
Treat me nice!

Cose I know I's talkin' wild;
Treat me nice;
I cain't talk no bettah, child,
Treat me nice;
Whut a pusson gwine to do,
W'en he come a-cou'tin' you
All a-tremblin' thoo and thoo?
Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf
Othahs do:
Lovahs lingah, ladies laugh;
Mebbe you
Do' mean all the things you say,
An' po'haps some latah day
W'en I baig you ha'd, you may
Treat me nice!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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JOHN SPLENDID

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

By Neil Munro,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XXI.

At last there was but one horseman in chase of the six men who were fleeing without a look behind them—a frenzied black-avised trooper on a short-legged garron he rode most clumsily, with arms that swung like wings from the shoulder, his boots keeping time to the canter with grotesque knockings against the gaunt and sweating flanks of his starved animal. He rode with a shout, and he rode with a fool's want of calculation, for he had left all support behind him, and might readily enough have been cut off by any judicious enemy in the rear. Before we could hurry down to join the fugitives they observed for themselves that the pursuit had declined to this solitary person, so up they drew (all but one of them), with dirks or sgeans drawn to give him his welcome. And yet the dragoon put no check on his horse. The beast, in a terror at the din of the battle, was indifferent to the check of its master, whom it bore with thudding hoofs to a front that must certainly have appalled him. He was a person of some pluck, or perhaps the drunkenness of terror lent him the illusion of valour; at least when he found a bloody end inevitable he made the best of the occasion. Into the heaving sides of the brute he drove desperate spurs, anew he shouted a scurrilous name at Clan Campbell, then fired his pistol as he fell upon the enemy.

The *dag* failed of its purpose, but the breast of the horse struck an elderly man on the brow and threw him on his back, so that one of the hind hoofs of the animal crushed in his skull like a hazel-nut.

Who of that fierce company brought the trooper to his end we never knew; but when M'Iver and I got down to the level he was dead as knives could make him, and his horse, more mad than ever, was disappearing over a mossy moor with a sky-blue lochan in the midst of it.

Of the five Campbells three were gentlemen—Forbes the baron-bailie of Ardkinglas, Neil Campbell in Sonachan, Lochowside, and the third no other than Master Gordon the minister, who was the most woebegone and crestfallen of them all. The other two were small tacksmen from the neighbourhood of Inneraora — one Callum MacIain vic Ruarie vic Allan (who had a little want, as we say of a character, or natural, and was ever moist with tears), and a Rob Campbell in Auchnatra, whose real name was Stewart, but who had been in some trouble at one time in a matter of a neighbour's sheep on the braes of Appin, had discreetly fled that country, and brought up a family under a borrowed name in a country that kept him in order.

We were, without doubt, in a most desperate extremity. If we had escaped the immediate peril of the pursuing troopers of MacDonald, we had a longer, wearier hazard before us. Any one who knows the countryside I am writing of, or takes a glance at my relative Gordon of Straloch's diagram or map of the same, will see that we were now in the very heart of a territory hotching (as the rough phrase goes) with clans inimical to the house of Argile. Between us and the comparative safety of Bredalbane lay Stewarts, MacDonalds, Macgregors, and other families less known in history, who hated the name of MacCailein more than they feared the wrath of God. The sight of our tartan in any one of their glens would rouse hell in every heart about us.

Also our numbers and the vexed state of the times were against us. We could hardly pass for peaceable drovers at such a season of the year; we were going the

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wrong airt for another thing, and the fact that not we alone, but many more of Argile's forces in retreat were fleeing home would be widely advertised around the valleys in a very few hours after the battle had been fought. For the news of war—good or ill—passes among the glens with a magic speed. It runs faster than the fiery cross itself—so fast and inexplicable on any natural law, that more than once I have been ready to believe it a witches' premonition more than a message carried on young men's feet.

"But all that," said Sonachan, a pawky, sturdy little gentleman with a round, ruddy face and a great store of genealogy that he must be ever displaying—"but all that makes it more incumbent on us to hang together. It may easily be a week before we get into Glenurchy; we must travel by night and hide by day, and besides the heartening influence of company there are sentinels to consider and the provision of our food."

Ardkinglas, on the other hand, was a fushionless, stupid kind of man; he was for an immediate dispersion of us all, holding that only in individuals or in pairs was it possible for us to penetrate in safety to real Argile.

"I'm altogther with Sonachan," said M'Iver; "and I could mention half a hundred soldierly reasons for the policy; but it's enough for me that here are seven of us, no more and no less, and with seven there should be all the luck that's going."

He caught the minister's eyes on him at this, and met them with a look of annoyance.

"O yes, I know, Master Gordon, you gentlemen of the lawn bands have no friendliness to our old Highland notions. Seven or six, it's all the same to you, I suppose, except in a question of merks to the stipend."

"You're a clever man enough M,Iver ——"

"Barbreck," corrected my friend punctiliously.

"Barbreck let it be then. But you are generally so sensitive to other folks' thoughts of you that your skin tingles to an insult no one dreamt of paying. I make no doubt a great many of your Gaelic beliefs are sheer paganism or Popery or relics of the same, but the charm of seven has a scriptural warrant that as minister of the Gospel I have some respect for, even when twisted into a portent for a band of broken men in the extremity of danger."

We had to leave the dead body of our friend, killed by the horse, on the hillside. He was a Knapdale man, a poor creature, who was as well done, perhaps, with a world that had no great happiness left for him, for his home had been put to the torch and his wife outraged and murdered. At as much speed as we could command, we threaded to the south, not along the valleys, but in the braes, suffering anew the rigour of the frost and the snow. By midday we reached the shore of Loch Leven, and it seemed as if now our flight was hopelessly barred, for the ferry that could be compelled to take an army of MacCailein over the brackish water at Ballachulish was scarce likely to undertake the conveying back of seven fugitives of the clan that had come so high-handedly through their neighbourhood four days ago. On this side there was not a boat in sight, indeed there was not a vestige on any side of human tenancy. Glencoe had taken with him every man who could carry a pike, not to our disadvantage perhaps, for it left the less danger of any strong attack.

On the side of the loch, when we emerged from the hills, there was a cluster of whin-bushes spread out upon a machar of land that in a less rigorous season of the year, by the feel of the shoe-sole, must be velvet-piled with salty grass. It lay in the clear, gray forenoon like a garden of fairydom to the view, the whin-bushes at a distant glance, floating on billows of snow, touched at their lee by a cheering green, hung to the windward with the silver of the snow, and some of them even prinked off with the gold flower that gives rise to the proverb about kissing being out of fashion when the whin wants bloom. To come on this silent, peaceful, magic territory, fresh out of the turmoil of a battle, was to be in a region haunted, in the borderland of morning dreams, where care is a vague and far-off memory, and the elements study our desires. The lake spread out before us without a ripple, its selvedge at the shore repeating the pic-

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ture on the brae. I looked on it with a mind peculiarly calm, rejoicing in its aspect. O! love and the coming years, thinks I, let them be here or somewhere like it, not among the savage of the hills, fighting, plotting, contriving; not among snow-swept mounts and crying and wailing brooks, but by the sedate and tranquil sea in calm weather. As we walked, my friends with furtive looks to this side and yon, down to the shore, I kept my face to the hills of real Argile, and my heart was full of love. I got that glimpse that comes to most of us (had we the wit to comprehend it) of the future of my life.

I beheld in a wave of the emotion the picture of my coming years, going down from day to day very unadventurous and calm, spent in some peaceful valley by a lake, sitting at no rich-laden board, but at bien and happy viands with some neighbour heart. A little bird of hope fluttered within me, so that I knew that if every clan in that countryside was arraigned against me, I had the breastplate of fate on my breast. "I shall not die in this unfriendly country," I promised myself; "there may be terror, and there may be gloom, but I shall watch my children's children play upon the braes of Shira Glen."

"You are very joco," said John to me as I broke into a little laugh of content with myself.

"It's the first time you ever charged me with jocosity, John," I said; "I'm just kind of happy thinking."

"Yon spectacle behind us is not humorous to my notion," said he, "whatever it may be to yours. And perhaps the laugh may be on the other side of your face before the night comes. We are here in a spider's web."

"I cry pardon for my lightness, John," I answered; "I'll have time enough to sorrow over the clan of Argile; but if you had the Sight of your future, and it lay in other and happier scenes than these, would you not feel something of a gaiety?"

He looked at me with an envy in every feature, from me to his companions, from them to the country round about us, and then to himself as to a stranger whose career was revealed in every rag of his clothing.

"So," said he; "you are the lucky man to be of the breed of the elect of heaven, to get what you want for the mere desire of it, and perhaps without deserve. Here am I at my prime and over it, and no glisk of the future before me. I must be ever stumbling on, a carouser of life in a mirk and sodden lane."

"You cannot know my meaning," I cried.

"I know it fine," said he. "You get what you want because you are the bairn of content. And I'm but the child of hurry (it's the true word), and I must be seeking and I must be trying to the bitter end."

He kicked, as he walked, at the knolls of snow in his way, and lashed at the bushes with a hazel wand he had lifted from a tree.

"Not all I want, perhaps," said I; "for do you know that fleeing thus from disgrace of my countrymen, I could surrender every sorrow and every desire to one notion about—about—about——"

"A girl of the middle height," said he, "and her name is——"

"Do not give it an utterance," I cried. "I would be sorry to breathe her name in such a degradation. Degradation indeed, and yet if I had the certainty that I was a not altogether hopeless suitor yonder, I would feel a conqueror greater than Hector or Gilian-of-the-Axe."

"Ay, ay," said John. "I would not wonder. And I'll swear that a man of your fate may have her if he wants her. I'll give ye my notion of wooing; it's that with the woman free and the man with some style and boldness, he may have whoever he will."

"I would be sorry to think it," said I; "for that might apply to suitors at home in Inneraora as well as me."

M'Iver laughed at the sally, and "Well, well," said he, "we are not going to be debating the chance of love on Leven-side, with days and nights of slinking in the heather and the fern between us and our home."

Though this conversation of ours may seem singularly calm and out of all harmony with our circumstances, it is so only on paper; for, in fact, it took but a minute or two of our time as we walked down among those whins that inspired me with the peaceful premonition of the coming years. We were walking, the

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seven of us, not in a compact group, but scattered, and at the whins when we rested we sat in ones and twos behind the bushes, with eyes cast anxiously along the shore for sign of any craft that might take us over.

What might seem odd to any one who does not know the shrinking mood of men broken with a touch of disgrace in their breaking, was that for long we studiously said nothing of the horrors we had left behind us. Five men fleeing from a disastrous field and two new out of the clutches of a conquering foe, we were dumb or discoursed of affairs very far removed from the reflection that we were a clan at extremities.

But we could keep up this silence of shame no longer than our running; when we sat among the whins on Levenside, and took a breath and scrutinised along the coast, for sign of food or ferry, we must be talking of what we had left behind.

Gordon told the story with a pained, constrained, and halting utterance; of the surprise of Auchinbreck when he heard the point of war from Nevis Glen, and could not believe that Montrose was so near at hand; of the wavering Lowland wings, the slaughter of the Campbell gentlemen.

"We were in a trap," said he, drawing with a stick on the smooth snow a diagram of the situation. "We were between brae and water. I am no man of war, and my heart swelled at the spectacle of the barons cut down like nettles. And by the most foolish of tactics, surely a good many of our forces were on the other side of the loch."

"That was not Auchinbreck's doing, I'll warrant," said M'Iver; "he would never have counselled a division so fatal."

"Perhaps not," said the cleric drily; "but what if a general has only a sort of savage army at his call? The gentry of your clan——"

"What about MacCailein?" I asked, wondering that there was no word of the chief.

"Go on with your story," said M'Iver, sharply, to the cleric.

"The gentry of your clan," said Gordon, paying no heed to my query, "were easy enough to guide; but yon undisciplined kerns from the hills had no more regard for martial law than for the holy Commandments. God help them! They went their own gait, away from the main body, plundering and robbing."

"I would not just altogether call it plundering, nor yet robbing," said John, a show of annoyance on his face.

"And I don't think myself," said Sonachan, removing himself as he spoke, from our side, and going to join the three others, who sat apart from us a few yards; "that it's a gentleman's way of speaking of the doings of other gentlemen of the same name and tartan as ourselves."

"Ay, ay," said the minister, looking from one to the other of us, his shaven jowl with lines of a most annoying pity on it—"ay, ay," said he, "it would be pleasing you better, no doubt, to hint at no vice or folly in your army; that's the Highlands for you! I'm no Highlander, thank God, or at least with the savage look out of me; for I'm of an honest and orderly Lowland stock, and my trade's the Gospel of the truth, and the truth you'll get from Alexander Gordon, Master of the Arts, if you had your black joctilegs at his neck for it."

He rose up, pursing his face, panting at the nostril, very crouse and defiant in every way.

"Oh, you may just sit you down," said M'Iver, sharply, to him. "You can surely give us truth without stamping it down our throats with your boots, that are not, I've noticed, of the smallest size."

"I know you, sir, from boot to bonnet," said Gordon.

"You're well off in your acquaintance," said M'Iver jocularly; "I wish I kent so good a man."

"From boot to bonnet," said Gordon, in no whit abashed by the irony. "Man, do you know," he went on, "there's a time come to me now when, by the grace of God, I can see to one's innermost as through a lozen. I shudder, sometimes, at the gift. For there's the fair face, and there's the smug and smiling lip, and there's the flattery at the tongue, and below that masked front is Beelzebub himself, meaning well sometimes—perhaps always—but by his fall a traitor first and last."

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"God!" cried M'Iver, with a very ugly face, "that sounds awkwardly like a roundabout way of giving me a bad character."

"I said, sir," answered Gordon, "that poor Beelzebub does not sometimes ken his own trade. I have no doubt that in your heart you are touched to the finest by love of your fellows."

"And that's the truth—when they are not clerics," cried John.

"Touched to the finest, and set in a glow, too, by a manly and unselfish act, and eager to go through this world on pleasant footings with yourself and all else."

"Come, come," I cried; "I know my friend well, Master Gordon. We are not all that we might be; but I'm grateful for the luck that brought me so good a friend as John M'Iver."

"I never cried down his credit," said the minister simply.

"Your age gives you full liberty," said John. "I would never lift a hand."

"The lifting of your hand," said the cleric with a flashing eye, "is the last issue I would take thought of. I can hold my own. You are a fair and shining vessel (of a kind), but Beelzebub's at your heart. They tell me that people like you; this gentleman of Elrigmore claims you for his comrade. Well, well, so let it be! It but shows anew the charm of the glittering exterior: they like you for your weakness and not for your strength. Do you know anything of what they call duty?"

"I have starved to the bone in Laaland without complaint, stood six weeks on watch in Stralsung's Franken gate, eating my meals at my post, and John M'Iver never turned skirts on an enemy."

"Very good, sir, very good," said the minister; "but duty is most ill to do when it is to be done in love and not in hate."

"Damn all schooling!" cried John. "You're off in the depths of it again, and I cannot be after you. Duty is duty in love or hate, it it not?"

"It would take two or three sessions of St. Andrews to show you that it makes a great differ whether it is done in love or hate. You do your duty by your enemy well enough, no doubt—a barbarian of the blackest will do no less—but it takes the better man to do his duty sternly by those he loves and by himself above all. Argile——"

"Yes," cried I, "what about Argile?"

The minister paid no heed to my question.

"Argile," said he, "has been far too long flattered by you and your like, M'Iver."

"Barbreck," put in my comrade.

"Barbreck be it then. A man in his position thus never learns the truth. He sees around him but plausible faces and the truth at a cowardly compromise. That's the sorrow of your Highlands; it will be the black curse of your chiefs in the day to come. As for me, I'm for duty first and last—even if it demands me to put a rope at my brother's neck or my hand in the fire."

"Maybe you are, maybe you are," said John, "and it's very fine of you; and I'm not denying but I can fancy some admirable quality in the character. But if I'm no great hand at the duty, I can swear to the love."

"It's a word I hate to hear men using," said I.

The minister relaxed to a smile at John's amiability, and John smiled on me.

"It's a woman's word, I daresay, Colin," said he; "but there's no man, I'll swear, turning it over more often in his mind than yourself."

Where we lay, the Pap of Glencoe—Sgor-na-ciche, as they call it in the Gaelic—loomed across Loch Leven in wisps of wind-blown gray. Long-beaked birds came to the sand and piped a sharp and anxious note, or chattered like children. The sea-banks floated on the water, rising and dipping to every wave; it might well be a dream we were in on the borderland of sleep at morning.

"What about Argile?" I asked again.

The minister said never a word. John Splendid rose to his feet, shook the last of his annoyance from him, and cast an ardent glance to those remote hills of Lorn.

"God's grandeur," said he, turning to the Gaelic it was proper to use but sparingly before a Saxon. "Behold the unfriendliness of those terrible mountains and ravines! I am Gaelic to the core;

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but give me in this mood of mine the flat south soil and the ultimate dip of the sky round a bannock of country. Oh, I wish I was where Aora runs! I wish I saw the highway of Loch Finne that leads down the slope of the sea where the towns pack close together and fires are warm!" He went on and sang a song of the low country, its multitude of cattle, its friendly hearths, its frequented walks of lovers in the dusk and in the spring.

Sonachan and Ardkinglas and the tacksmen came over to listen, and the man with the want began to weep with a child's surrender.

"And what about Argile?" said I when the humming ceased.

"You are very keen on that bit, lad," said the baron-bailie, smiling spitefully with thin hard lips that revealed his teeth gleaming white and square against the dusk of his face. "You are very keen on that bit; you might be waiting for the rest of the minister's story."

"Oh," I said, "I did not think there was any more of the minister's tale to come. I crave his pardon."

"I think, too, I have not much more of a story to tell," said the minister.

"And I think," said M'Iver, in a sudden hurry to be off, "that we might be moving from here. The head of the loch is the only way for us if we are to be off this unwholesome countryside by the mouth of the night."

It is likely we would have taken him at his word, and have risen and gone on his way to the east, where the narrowing of the loch showed that it was close on its conclusion; but the Stewart took from his *dorlach* or knapsack some viands that gave a frantic edge to our appetite and compelled us to stay and eat.

The day was drawing to its close, the sun, falling behind us, was pillowed on clouds of a rich crimson. For the first time, we noticed the signs of the relaxation of the austere season in the return of bird and beast to their familiar haunts. As the sun dipped, the birds came out to the brae side to catch his last ray as they ever love to do. Whaups rose off the sand, and following the gleam upon the braes, ascended from slope to slope, and the plover followed, too, dipping his feet in the golden tide receding. On little fir-patches mounted numerous *coilleach dhuibh*—blackcock of sheeny feather, and the owls began to hoot in the wood beyond.

CHAPTER XXII.

We had eaten to the last crumb, and were ready to be going when again I asked Gordon what had come over Argile.

"I'll tell you that," said he bitterly; but as he began, some wildfowl rose in a startled flight to our right and whirred across the sky.

"There's some one coming," said M'Iver ,"let us keep close togther."

From where the wildfowl rose, the Dame Dubh, as we called the old woman of Carnus, came in our direction, half-running, half-walking through the snow. She spied us while she was yet a great way off, stopped a second as one struck with an arrow, then continued her progress more eargerly than ever, with high-piped cries and taunts at us.

"O cowards!" she cried; "do not face Argile, or the glens you belong to. Cowards, cowards, Lowland women, Glencoe's full of laughter at your disgrace!"

"Royal's my race, I'll not be laughed at," cried Stewart.

"They cannot know of it already in Glencoe," said M'Iver, appalled.

"Know it," said the crone, drawing nearer and with still more frenzy, "Glencoe has songs on it already. The stench from Inverlochy's in the air; it's a mock in Benderloch and Ardgour, it's a nightmare in Glenurchy, and the women are keening the slopes of Cladish. Cowards, cowards, little men, cowards! all the curses of Conan on you and the black rocks; die from home, and Hell itself reject you."

We stood in front of her in a group, slack at the arms and shoulders, bent a little at the head, affronted for the first time with the full shame of our disaster. All my bright portents of the future seemed, as they flashed again before me, muddy in hue, an unfaithful man's remembrance of his sins when they come before him at the bedside of his wife; the evasions of my friends revealed themselves what they were indeed, the shutting of the eyes against shame.

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The woman's meaning Master Gordon could only guess at, and he faced her composedly.

"You are far off your road," he said to her mildly, but she paid him no heed.

"You have a bad tongue, mother," said M'Iver.

She turned and spat on his vest, and on him anew she poured her condemnation.

"*You*, indeed, the gentleman with an account to pay, the hero, the avenger! I wish my teeth had found your neck at the head of Aora Glen." She stood in the half night, foaming over with hate and evil words, her taunts stinging like asps.

"Take off the tartan, ladies!" she screamed; "off with men's apparel and on with the short gown."

Her cries rang so over the land that she was a danger bruiting our presence to the whole neighbourhood, and it was in a common panic we ran with one accord from her in the direction of the loch-head. The man with the want took up the rear, whimpering as he ran, feeling again, it might be, a child fleeing from maternal chastisement; the rest of us went silently, all but Stewart, who was a cocky little man with a large bonnet pulled down on the back of his head like a morion, to hide the absence of ears that had been cut off by the law for some of his Appin adventures. He was a person who never saw in most of a day's transactions aught but the humour of them, and as we ran from this shrieking beldame of Carnus, he was choking with laughter at the ploy.

"Royal's my race," said he at the first ease to our running—"royal's my race, and I never thought to run twice in one day from an enemy. Stop your greeting, Callum, and not be vexing our friends the gentlemen."

"What a fury!" said Master Gordon. "And that's the lady of omens! What about her blessings now?"

"Aye, and what about her prophecies?" asked M'Iver, sharply. "She was not so far wrong, I'm thinking, about the risks of Inverlochy; the heather's above the gall, indeed."

"But at any rate," said I, "Mac-Cailein's head is not on a pike."

"You must be always on the old key," cried M'Iver, angrily. "Oh man, man, but you're sore in want of tact." His face was throbbing and hoved. "Here's half a dozen men," said he, "with plenty to occupy their wits with what's to be done and what's to happen them before they win home, and all your talk is on a most vexatious trifle. Have you found me, a cousin of the Marquis, anxious to query our friends here about the ins and outs of the engagement? It's enough for me that the heather's above the gall. I saw this dreary morning the sorrow of my life, and I'm in no hurry to add to it by the value of a single tear."

Sonachan was quite as bitter. "I don't think," said he, "that it matters very much to you, sir, what Argile may have done or may not have done; you should be glad of your luck (if luck it was and no design), that kept you clear of the trouble altogether." And again he plunged ahead of us with Ardkinglas, to avoid my retort to an impertinence that, coming from a younger man, would have more seriously angered me.

The minister by now had recovered his wind, and was in another of his sermon moods, with this ruffling at M'Cailein's name as his text.

"I think I can comprehend," said he, "all this unwillingness to talk about my lord of Argile's part in the disaster of to-day; no Gael though I am, I'm loath myself to talk about a bad black business, but that's because I love my master—for master he is in scholarship, in gifts, in every attribute and intention of the Christian soldier. It is for a different reason, I'm afraid, that our friend Barbreck shuffles."

"Barbreck never shuffles," said John stiffly. "If he did in this matter it would be for as true an affection for his chief as any lalland cleric ever felt for his patron."

"And yet, sir, you shuffle for another reason, too. You do not want to give your ridiculous Highland pride the shock of hearing that your chief left in a galley before the battle he lost had well begun."

A curious cry came from M'Iver's lips. He lifted his face, lined with sudden shadows, to the stars that now were lighting to the east, and I heard his teeth grind.

"So that's the bitter end of it!" said

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I to myself, stunned by this pitiful conclusion. My mind groped back on the events of the whole waeful winter. I saw Argile again at peace among his own people; I heard anew his clerkly but wavering sentiment on the trade of the sword; I sat by him in the mouth of Glen Noe, and the song and the guess went round the fire. But the picture that came to me first and stayed with me last was Argile standing in his chamber in the castle of Inneraora, the pallor of the study on his face, and his little Archie with his gold hair and the nightgown running out and clasping him about the knees.

We struggled through the night, weary men, hungry men. Loch Levenhead may be bonny by day, but at night it is far from friendly to the unaccustomed wanderer. Swampy meadows frozen to the hard bone, and uncountable burns, and weary ascents, and alarming dips lie there at the foot of the great forest of Mamore. And to us, poor fugitives, even these were less cruel than the thickets at the very head where the river brawled into the loch with a sullen surrender of its mountain independence.

About seven or eight o'clock we got safely over a ford and into the hilly country that lies tumbled to the north of Glencoe. Before us lay the choice of two routes, either of them leading in the direction of Glenurchy; but both of them hemmed in by the most inevitable risks, especially as but one of all our party was familiar (and that one but middling well) with the countryside. "The choice of a cross-road at night in a foreign land is tall John's pick of the farmer's daughters," as our homely proverb has it; you never know what you have till the morn's morning. And our picking was bad indeed, for instead of taking what we learned again was a drove-road through to Tynree, we stood more to the right and plunged into what, after all, turned out to be nothing better than a corrie among the hills. It brought us up a most steep hillside, and landed us two hours' walk later far too much in the heart and midst of Glencoe to be for our comfort. From the hillside we emerged upon, the valley lay revealed, a great hack among the mountains.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THOUGHT OF HER

My love for thee doth take me unaware
When most with lesser things my brain is wrought,
As in some nimble interchange of thought
The silence enters and the talkers stare,
Suddenly I am still and thou art there,
A viewless visitant and unbesought,
And all my thinking trembles into naught
And all my being opens like a prayer.
Thou art the lifted chalice in my soul
And I a dim church at the thought of thee;
Brief though the moment be, the mass is said,
The benediction like an aureole
Is on my spirit, and shuddering through me
A rapture like the rapture of the dead.

Richard Hovey.

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MR. GEORGE MOORE'S NEW NOVEL.*

In reviewing mentally the list of novels already written by Mr. George Moore and in grouping them according to the methods employed in their construction, one classifies them broadly under two general heads. In the first place, there is the novel whose elements are comparatively simple and elemental, but whose development has been carried out with a wealth of incident and detail and on a large canvas, as it were, so that the picture given is more than a picture of individual character, but sets before our eyes a whole section of our modern world. In the second place, there is the novel of purely psychological analysis in which Mr. Moore has placed before himself the task of realising some intensely complex character, and in doing so has kept severely to the work in hand and has not allowed his attention nor the attention of his readers to be diverted from his central study. In other words, when he has dealt with simple themes he has allowed himself to set them in a complicated environment; and when he has selected a complex theme he has given it a setting of entire simplicity. These respective methods are illustrated on the one hand in *A Mummer's Wife,* and on the other hand, in *Mildred Lawson,*—two works which must, we think, be regarded as his masterpieces.

In *A Mummer's Wife,* while the variety of character is great and while the psychology of it all is perfect, the sphere of life depicted is one that is comparatively primitive, in that motive and action are closely related, convention plays but a slight part, and the passions, the emotions, and the ambitions of the persons whom he draws are entirely obvious and simple. In consequence, while describing the tawdry, lawless, Bohemian life which is there delineated, Mr. Moore has given himself a free hand and has filled his pages with a multiplicity of incident that is extraordinarily vivid and that in no way distracts the attention from the central tragedy of the fall and degradation of the unfortunate Kate Lennox. In *Mildred Lawson,* on the other hand, where Mr. Moore has had to deal with an extremely complex type of character,—a type so complex, so contradictory, and so rare as to lead many persons to deny its actuality—he very wisely refrains from introducing anything that can for a moment withdraw the reader's notice from the character of Mildred. He merely sketches in a background against which her figure stands out in clear relief, and there is introduced nothing whatsoever that can lessen the powerful effect which she makes upon us as she stands exposed in all the terrible severity of Mr. Moore's unsparing revelation.

In *Evelyn Innes,* however, Mr. Moore has most unfortunately blended his two methods. He has given us a character in some respects as difficult to realise as that of Mildred Lawson; he has tried to draw it for us in its relation to an environment that is highly complex and artificial; and to his mind, the analysis of this environment is almost as strong a motive as is his analysis of Evelyn Innes herself. The attempt is very daring. It has all the splendid audacity that marks the gigantic scheme which Balzac set before himself in the *Comédie Humaine;* it has been carried out with much of the insight, the subtlety, and the genius of the great French realist; and it has just missed success as Balzac himself not seldom missed it, and for the reason that the task is in its entirety too great to be perfectly realised even by talent of the highest order.

Evelyn Innes is one variety of a type already drawn for us by Mr. Moore in *Mildred Lawson.* Three years ago we ventured the prediction that this type would very soon attract the serious attention of our novelists of character, since it is becoming more and more common in contemporary life, and is, indeed, one of the most significant results of our present sociological development. Already our prediction has been justified, not only by Mr. Moore's creations but by the studies given us in Mr. Gissing's *Whirlpool,* in Mr. Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware,* and somewhat super-

*Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co., $1.50.

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ficially though very effectively, by Mr. Le Gallienne in *The Romance of Zion Chapel.*

Evelyn Innes is the daughter of an obscure London organist who, in the intervals of his regular duties, cherishes an ambition to revive in Church music the liturgic chants of the earlier centuries, the free melody of Gregorian plain-song, the masses of Di Lasso, the motets of Ockeghem, and the uncorrupted music of Palestrina, and thus to restore to the service of the Church the naïvely natural in place of the vulgarly artificial. Evelyn herself has a beautiful voice which her father has cultivated, and he hopes to be able ultimately to send her to Paris to be trained as a professional singer under some great teacher of vocal music. Meanwhile, however, his narrow means will not allow this, and Evelyn lives with him in his musty little home at Dulwich, stirred by undefined ambition and chafing more and more each year under the monotony of her life and the uncertainty of her future. Presently, her father makes the acquaintance of Sir Owen Asher, a wealthy amateur who is interested in Mr. Innes's musical theories and who is very soon still more attracted by the undeveloped voice and the undeveloped beauty of Evelyn herself. Sir Owen has for some time been engaged in an affair with a married woman which has turned out rather unfortunately for him; and by way of diversion he makes love to Evelyn, appealing to her not only on the side of her emotions but on the side also of her musical ambition. He does not love her. He thinks that he might have loved her had he never met the other woman. Still, he feels that if he should take her away, it would be better than to have her go away with a manager who would rob and beat her. Yet, he reflects, if he were to take her away he would be tied to her; it would be like marrying her. The thought alarms him in a way, and yet she attracts him and piques his curiosity so that he cannot put her out of his thoughts. He wonders if she has really a great voice. To discover a new prima donna would gratify his vanity. He is also curious to find out whether she is in reality the innocent girl that she appears to be. In spite of himself and because of her quick responsiveness, he allows himself to sound her thought, to lay his mind against hers; and he is alarmed at the quickness with which they stray to the very verge of things. Almost at once they fall into intimacies of conversation, and Evelyn questions him tentatively about his love for the other woman which she has already divined. He tells her that the other woman has thrown him over. The paragraph in which Mr. Moore comments on this is extremely characteristic and has one or two very subtle touches:

> He judged it necessary to dissemble, and he advanced the theory which he always made use of on these occasions—that women were more capricious than men, that so far as his experience counted for anything, he had invariably been thrown over. The object of this theory was two-fold. It impressed his listener with an idea of his fidelity, which was essential if she were a woman. It also suggested that he had inspired a large number of caprices, whereby he gratified his vanity and inspired hope in the lady that as a lover he would prove equal to her desire. It also helped to establish the moral atmosphere in which an intrigue might develop.

Events move rapidly, and it is not long before Sir Owen himself in his own despite begins to be stirred by a real desire for her, and to be thrilled by her romantic eyes, her shimmering hair, and her undulating walk. Their conversation becomes franker with every meeting. At last they discuss from every point of view his offer that she go to Paris with him and accept his protection with the musical training that he will secure for her under the most famous teacher of the day. She loves him and she is intensely ambitious for musical fame. The temptation is irresistible, yet she is a devout Catholic. The terrors of eternal fire are ever present to her mind and she shrinks from taking the fatal step even while she thinks to herself with a thrill of pleasure how much more exciting it would be to run away with him than to be married to him by the priest. In reading this, one sees immediately what the end will be. Against the fear of the confessional are set the joy of art, the delirium of success, the yearnings of emulation and, last of all, the ache of her own passionate body. She decides to leave her home, but with a curious honesty and because her father has always been to her as much a comrade as a father, she goes to him and tells him of her purpose. The chapter is a strange one, for her father like herself is overmastered by musical

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ambition; and though he says the conventional things to her, in his heart he understands and almost sympathises. Before he has had time, however, to think of it more carefully she leaves him and crosses the Channel in company with Sir Owen to begin a new career in Paris.

Arriving there, she enters upon an enchanted world in which everything that can appeal to her love of luxury and beauty is laid at her feet. Sir Owen secures for her an English lady of title as a chaperone; the conventions are externally observed; she places herself under the instruction of Madame Savelli who pronounces her voice a marvel; and from that moment her life is one in which everything unites to satisfy her very last desire,—pleasure, admiration, love, and above all a brilliant musical success.

Mr. Moore leaves undescribed and unreported the following six years during which she has become the first of living singers, and in which Sir Owen has come to love her as he never loved anyone before, while her own affection for him has gradually waned. She has been faithful to him, yet with that craving for new emotions which is always present in the artistic woman. She has experimented in love, going even to its very verge, making romantic appointments to meet her admirers in secluded parks, and trying to revive with other men something of the thrilling excitement that she felt in the early days of her acquaintance with Sir Owen. Yet somehow or other, no one quite appeals to her sufficiently, until at the end of the six years she meets one Ulick Dean in whose delineation some London critics have chosen to see a reflection of the personality of Mr. Moore himself. With this in mind, it is interesting to read the description of his appearance as he is set before us in the book.

> He had one of those long, Irish faces, all in a straight line, with flat, slightly hollow cheeks, and a long chin. It was clean shaven, and a heavy lock of black hair was always falling over his eyes. It was his eyes that gave its sombre, ecstatic character to his face. They were large, dark, deeply set, singularly shaped, and they seemed to smoulder like fires in caves, leaping and sinking out of the darkness. He was a tall, thin young man, and he wore a black jacket and a large, blue necktie, tied with the ends hanging loose over his coat.

Ulick Dean is very much of a mystic and he lives largely in the world of imagination. He believes in the supernatural, he sees visions and dreams dreams, he has a strange, comprehensive, world-religion. He is the very antithesis of Sir Owen who represents in many ways the conventional type of fashionable man as Evelyn thinks of him.

> Until she had met Ulick, she had not seen a man for years whose thoughts ranged above the gross pleasure of the moment, the pleasure of eating, of drinking, of love-making . . . and she was growing like those people. The other night at dinner, at the Savoy she had looked round the table at the men's faces, some seven or eight, varying in age from twenty-four to forty-eight, and she had said to herself, "Not one of these men has done anything worth doing, not one has even tried." Looking at the man of twenty-four, she had said to herself, "He will do all that the man of forty-eight has done—the same dinners, the same women, the same race-courses, the same shooting, the same tireless search after amusement, the same life unlit by any denial." She was no better, Owen was no better. There was no hope for either of them.

Sir Owen becomes more and more distasteful to her, yet she is bound to him by a thousand associations. She feels that she ought to break with him or else that she ought to marry him. This last she even promises to do, but unfortunately for himself he asks her to postpone it for a year; since when she once becomes his wife she must leave the stage, and he wishes her before doing so to create two more *rôles*. She falls into an agony of conflicting motives; she finally takes Ulick as her lover, and tells Sir Owen of it, and he condones even this lest he should lose her. In the end she comes almost to hate them both; her conscience or what stands to her as conscience awakens in her. Her old religious faith revives. A priest to whom she goes appeals most powerfully to the spiritual side of her nature. She tosses about for night after night in sleepless agitation. In her despair she thinks of leaving the world altogether and entering a convent, yet the motives of the flesh work mightily within her.

> She lay quite still, face to face with an seeing as it were into the eyes of the Irreparable. Never again would a man hold her in his arms, saying "Darling, I am very fond of you!" Take love out of her life, and what barrenness, what weariness! After all, she was only seven-and-twenty, and the thought came upon her that she might have waited until she was a little older. The word "never"

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rang in her ears, and she realised as she had not done before all that a lover meant to her —romance, adventure, the brilliancy and sparkle of life. What was life without the delightful excitement of the chase, the delicious doubts regarding the hidden significance of every look and word, and then the rapture of the final abandonment? She tried to think that the life she proposed to relinquish had not brought her happiness, but she could not put back the memory of the enchanting days she had spent with her lovers. Oh, the intense hours of anticipation! and the wonderful recollections! rich and red as the heart of a flower! Such rapture seemed to her to be worth the remorse that came after, and the peace of mind that a chaste life would secure, a poor recompense for dreary days and months. She realised the length and the colour of the time—grey week after grey week, blank month after blank month, void year after void year! And she always getting a little older, getting older in a drab, lifeless time, in a lifeless life, a weary life filled with intolerable craving! She had endured it once, a feeling as if she wanted to go mad. . . .

Yet the religious motive for the moment at least prevails. She dismisses both Sir Owen and Ulick Dean, and she visits a convent where for the time her soul is soothed and chastened by the simplicity and beauty of the life she sees there and by the influence and example of the sweet-faced nuns. Yet at the close of the book, which ends abruptly, we find her driving back to London, uncertain still as to what her future course shall be.

We have outlined here as briefly as we could the essential incidents of a story which on the whole will detract nothing from the general belief in Mr. Moore's exceptional ability as a writer. The book is, indeed, most conscientiously constructed. There is no hasty work to be detected in it. It is the fruit of three long years of unremitting work. There are passages in it of remarkable power, and its author's touch is everywhere both firm and sure. Unlike his other books, also, it shows no traces of a grossness of phrase and a brutality of thought that have so often jarred upon us in his earlier novels. Moreover, he has here displayed an ability to delineate a different and a larger world than that which has been the scene of his other stories. He has left behind him the slums and the stews, the music hall, the midnight restaurant, and the whole atmosphere of Leicester Square and the Boulevard Montmartre. If there is less sharpness of outline in some of his character drawing, if the picture is in places just a little blurred and indistinct, and if there is left upon the reader's mind a half-unconscious perception of a lack of unity and balance, this is not due to any falling off in the genius of the writer, but rather as we think to certain errors of literary judgment which a careful consideration of the volume as a whole will render obvious.

The first of these has been already indicated. If Mr. Moore desired to make his book a searching and thoroughly profound analysis of a character so difficult to draw as that of Evelyn, he should have given it the very simplest setting and should not have complicated it with the further attempt to place before us a picture of the artificial world in which this character undergoes its evolution. He should have drawn Evelyn as he drew Mildred Lawson, unsparingly and pitilessly, and upon her he should have turned all the clear white light of his artistic powers and all his minute understanding of character and motive. He should not, for a moment, have led away our thoughts to other and irrelevant studies which, though admirable in themselves, have in this book served only to mar the unity of his central purpose.

The other defect is one that in a way springs primarily, we think, from the growing influence that has been exercised upon the work of Mr. Moore by his admiration for the work of Huysmans. Some years ago, in writing his *Confessions of a Young Man*, Mr. Moore set forth his passionate admiration for the Flemish mystic; but until now we have never been able to discover in his novels any definite traces of the influence of Huysmans. In *Evelyn Innes*, however, there stands out in almost every chapter a direct suggestion of the literary technique which reached the limits of the possible in *En Route*, and which was pushed to the *reductio ad absurdum* in *La Cathédrale*. As Huysmans has loaded down his pages with long discursive lucubrations on mediæval art and architecture and the theory of mysticism, so has Mr. Moore loaded down his pages with equally irrelevant and much too technical dissertations on early music, the art of Wagner, and the minutest details of conventual life. Mr. Moore has done this far more cleverly and artistically than has

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Huysmans. One does not feel that he has been cramming up the subject merely to unload his erudition on the patient reader; yet none the less these things do seriously interrupt the symmetrical development of his story and distract the mind from an appreciation of the sort of work in which among English writers of to-day he stands supreme. It is, indeed, becoming rather general, this fondness for injecting what is in reality extraneous matter into the pages of a novel, and it is a most unfortunate and deplorable mistake. Simplicity of workmanship, so far from being alien to the highest art is indeed the very essence of it, and in the art of fiction this is absolutely true. The work that will endure the longest is the work which deals with what is most truly elemental, which moves on swiftly and surely and unencumbered to its end, which makes the most distinct and definite and profound impression on the mind, and which takes a lesson from the Greeks, those consummate masters of every form of art, in observing and studying at every point the psychological power of unbroken unity.

There are many themes suggested by this book that we should like to touch upon, yet whose discussion we must of necessity forego. Among the most important of them are the problem which is raised by its perusal, the old problem as to the possibility of happiness in one who puts aside all recognition of the moral law, and that other very fascinating question which forces itself upon the mind in almost every chapter, as to the essential immorality of music,—a question whose discussion is as old as Plato and whose importance is enhanced each day as modern music becomes more and more voluptuous, and as the whole genius of contemporary musical art devotes itself with passionate persistence and with every device that modern ingenuity can master, to make of music a terrible, overwhelming, and almost infernal appeal to the subtlest and most enervating joys of sense.

Harry Thurston Peck.

PARIS LETTER

A new volume of verse by Victor Hugo! This is the great literary novelty of the month. Its title: *Les Années Funestes* (1852-1870). It contains many a beautiful piece, and is a genuine surprise, for it seemed that in *Les Châtiments* and in sundry other pieces published during the same period Hugo had given us all the poetical utterances born of his fiery political passions during the reign of Napoleon III. This is the thirteenth volume of Victor Hugo's posthumous and the sixty-first of his complete works, and the end is not yet. Paul Meurice, the one survivor of Hugo's literary executors, is authority for the statement that at least four more volumes will be published, viz.: The second volume of *Choses Vues, Terre et Ciel*, a volume of verse, *Océan*, prose and verse mixed, and a volume of miscellanies. All the above will be issued before the year 1902, in which it is intended to have a great centennial celebration of the poet's birth.

A fact has just become public in regard to the preparation for this celebration which is worth mentioning. In appointing in his will Paul Meurice and Auguste Vacquerie his literary executors, Hugo had given them as compensation for their labours one-half of the proceeds of the copyright on his posthumous works. Both of the executors have given up these proceeds to the "Comité Victor Hugo," which intends to erect a great monument to the poet in 1902. The sculptor Barras has already been at work on the monument for quite a while, and it is expected that it will be fully worthy of the glory of the "Master."

Hugo's name has just come before the public in another, and decidedly less glorious, way, through a lawsuit brought by Georges Hugo, the poet's grandson, against Jean Charcot, who married Hugo's granddaughter after her divorce from Léon Daudet. Georges Hugo since then seems to have missed no opportunity of showing that he entirely sided against his sister, and a few weeks ago,

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when the Odéon theatre placed upon the stage one of Hugo's posthumous plays, *La Grand'mère*, he went so far as to have Léon Daudet as his guest in his box. This led to an altercation with Jean Charcot, who administered to his brother-in-law what was described by one of the witnesses as *un giffle magistrale* (a masterly slap). Young Hugo, of course, after that insisted on fighting a duel, but his opponent declined to fight, and so was called by him before the courts. The trial came off yesterday, but the decision will not be rendered until a week later. It is expected that a light penalty will be inflicted upon the defendant, and that the "Loi Bérenger" will be applied to him, making the penalty purely nominal.

I mentioned the coming centennial of Hugo's birth. France is just now celebrating the centennial of another of her great writers, Michelet, the historian, who was born in 1798. Selections and estimates of his works are appearing everywhere, the most careful of the latter having been published in the last issue of the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, by Mr. Ferdinand Dreyfus, a former member of the Chamber of Deputies. Another feature of the celebration is one which would hardly have been thought of for any other historian. The Odéon Theatre gave last night a unique performance. First a lecture on Michelet was delivered by Professor Lintilhac, then passages from Michelet's works were recited by a number of actors and elocutionists. Michelet's strongly lyrical style made their task a comparatively easy one, and showed, better perhaps than anything else, that although a prose writer, a historian, Michelet was essentially a poet. He is considered here above all the poet of Joan of Arc and of the French revolution.

I am not yet through with the dead. We have had this month a new volume, a very interesting one, by Alexandre Dumas fils. It is the eighth volume of his *Théâtre Complet*, and consists of very curious notes written by him as directions for the actors who had to personate his characters. These notes are not printed here for the first time, but they are for the first time made accessible to the general public. They are to be found in an earlier edition of Dumas's plays, of which only a limited number of copies was published, and which is known as *L'Edition des Comédiens*. There the notes are not grouped together, as in the volume just issued, but they accompany each play, and form a kind of running commentary.

Curiously enough, at the same time as the concluding volume of Dumas's dramatic writings we have the first volume of collected plays published by the one of the younger dramatists who seems to have most successfully followed in his footsteps, in so far as Dumas's works may be considered a study of the "Ewig Weibliches," viz.: George de Porto-Riche. Porto-Riche said, a few years ago, that his ambition was to make for himself a name in the history of the heart, and the present volume, *Théâtre d'Amour*, is to tell whether thus far he has come anywhere near the realisation of his ambition. It contains four plays, "La Chance de Françoise," "L'Infidèle," "Amoureuse," and "Le Passé," one of which, "Amoureuse," has been one of the greatest dramatic successes of the more recent years. I ought to say that few of the dramatic productions of our day possess as much literary merit as Porto-Riche's plays. They read admirably.

Richepin's new play, at the Français, *La Martyre*, has also been published. The qualities of Richepin's verse are so well known that I need say nothing to those who are curious of mastery in versification and splendour of style. To others the book will not appeal.

The interest of the French in the drama is shown by this large number of dramatic publications, to which I have to add one more, and not the least interesting, to be sure; I mean the tenth series of Jules Lemaitre's *Impressions de Théâtre*. As long as Sarcey refuses to republish his *Feuilletons* in book form Jules Lemaitre's *Impressions* will remain the best of the handy records of the doings of the French stage.

I shall not leave the stage without mentioning the death of a writer who had his moment of celebrity, and who, even since he faded away from public view, continued doing a good deal for dramatic art, Edouard Cadol. A play of his, in the seventies' drew crowds to the then newly established Théâtre de Cluny, *Les Inutiles*. But he never again had any

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really great success on the stage. So after a while he ceased writing plays. For a great many years before his death he occupied a very important position at the Théâtre Français. He read the manuscripts of ambitious authors, and upon his report the "Comité de Lecture" decided whether the authors would be allowed to come before the committee and read their plays themselves, the necessary preliminary to their being accepted. His recommendations were disregarded but seldom.

A few books of real interest have been published this month, in addition to what I have already mentioned. Perhaps the most curious is Mr. Munier-Jolain's *Procès de Femmes*. It relates entirely to the eighteenth century and is one of the most interesting contributions to the history of the period.

We have a new book on the United States, hardly a month passes without one; this time it is a new comer, Mr. F. E. Johanet, who tells us many interesting things, some of them true, in *Autour du Monde Millionnaire Américain*.

Two new volumes have been published in Hachette's collection of monographs on great French writers, both by specialists who were admirably qualified to speak upon the authors assigned to them: *Corneille*, by Gustave Lanson, the author of the well-known *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, and *Mérimée*, by Augustin Filon.

Another contribution to the study of French literature is Emile Faguet's new volume of essays, which forms the second series of his *Politiques et Moralistes du XIXe Siècle*.

We have also a crop of bright things called up by the Dreyfus or Zola affair, the most notable being *Avant le Procès*, by M. Duclaun, the celebrated scientist, and *M. Brunetière et l'Individualisme*, by a professor of philosophy, M. Darlu.

Both of these are part of a new collection of tracts issued by Armand Colin, under the general title of *Questions du Temps Présent*. In the same collection I wish to mention an able contribution by a German lady, the author of a German life of Voltaire, who writes French remarkably well, Miss Käthe Schirmacher, Its title is *Le Féminisme aux Etats-Unis, en France, dans la Grande Bretagne, en Suède et en Russie*. Pretty comprehensive!

Adolphe Cohn.

THE REBUKE

Fie on you, Roses, that you make
So brave and bright a show,
Here in mine eyes, who leave did take
Of Heaven an hour ago.

For shame I say—'tis not well done
On me to wreak your pride,
Whose grief so newly is begun,
Whose hope so lately died.

Give place—for Sorrow, like a queen,
Keeps state, and will not bear
That Joy should press with wanton mien
Too near her lonely chair.

Henry Johnstone.

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NEW BOOKS

THE ROYAL NAVY.*

The two volumes of this work which have been issued, are fine examples of a careful and painstaking analysis of a branch of history which, more than any other, has been approached either in the spirit of the romancer or novelist or else from a point of view so purely national that it was invariably tainted with national prejudice. No complete history, that could lay claim to being considered authoritative, has yet been written on this subject. The most important one was commenced by Sir Harris Nicholas; it was gigantic in its conception but no one could have lived long enough to write it on the original plan and he died on the completion of the second volume. Other naval historians have generally devoted themselves to a particular period, or to a particular subject. The plan of this work is more ambitious and if the first two volumes are a fair example of the three to follow we may congratulate the author and ourselves on his success.

In the general preface Mr. Clowes takes the reader into his confidence and explains the scope and plan of the work; and, in recounting the failure of other historians to satisfy or to complete, he shows the methods by which he desires to accomplish both purposes; in order to satisfy all requirements, he proposes to give "a sufficiently comprehensive account of the military history of the Royal Navy from the earliest times to the present without necessitating any undue neglect of the civil history, of the development of the material and personnel, or of the story of the more peaceful yet still active triumphs of the service."

To complete the work Mr. Clowes has had recourse to the co-operative plan which was followed by Mr. Winsor in his *History of America*, and has obtained the assistance of Sir Clements Markham, Captain Mahan, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. L. Carr Laughton, who has been substituted for Mr. Edward Fraser. Mr. Clowes has reserved for himself the largest proportion of the work which would seem an impossible undertaking even with his special knowledge and advantages if we had not the direct evidence of his skill at condensation which is apparent in these two volumes before us.

Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., who is President of the Royal Geographical Society, takes charge of the general subject of Voyages and Discoveries from 1485 to the present day and his name is a guarantee of the excellence and thoroughness to be expected in the handling of this branch of the History. Mr. Wilson takes the subject of Voyages and Discoveries up to 1485 and Minor Naval Operations from 1763 to 1875. Mr. Loughton takes the Military History from 1603 to 1660; Captain Mahan has the Major Naval Operations from 1763 to 1793 and Mr. Roosevelt has the War of 1812.

The invitation on the part of Mr. Clowes to two American historians to write portions of the *History of the Royal Navy* has called forth some criticism which is so baseless that it seems difficult to understand why he should have felt obliged to answer it at length in his preface. For however much Americans may be disposed to criticise Captain Mahan in certain directions, we do not really care how many letters of the alphabet he writes after his name, so long as he gives us so delightful a work as his *Life of Nelson*. He is a man of great intellectual power and brilliancy; with a vivid imagination, sound philosophy and profound reasoning, he combines accuracy of historical judgment and great beauty of expression, while as for Mr. Roosvelt, however erratic he may be as an administrator, he has shown in his *History of the War of* 1812, remarkable ability for keen and authoritative analysis. If nothing at all had been said about it, the invitation would have been considered a graceful compliment indicating a well-merited appreciation of ability which will always command respect in the world of

*The Royal Navy, A History. By Wm. Laird Clowes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

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letters. Educated men the world over are ready to honour merit; it is only the narrow minded who will see an unworthy reason in recognising the good qualities of those who belong to another nation.

In reading the two volumes which are very largely the work of Mr. Clowes himself, the reader will find a pleasant surprise. The volumes are almost as large as the subject and from previous experience with naval histories, we might expect to find them cumbered with detail, but the author seems to have struck a happy mean which augurs well for the rest of the book. There appears to be a proper sense of historical proportion and a just appreciation of the importance of details. The treatment of the subject is broad, and the civil and military histories go hand in hand. This method of treatment enables the author to show and the reader to understand how the men who have dominated different epochs of the naval history of Great Britain have impressed their individuality on the service, and how the Royal Navy has, in each epoch, been the most important element in the building up, the extension and preservation of the British Empire.

It is refreshing to find a history which immediately convinces one that the author has not drawn upon his imagination for facts. There must always be a temptation in a work of this nature to supply deficiencies by additions of one's own, especially when treating of a period in which all the facts seem to be fiction. But a close inspection not only enables us to recognise the accuracy which commands respect for its intrinsic value, but also shows ex-conclusively that, while the facts are grouped with scientific method, enough of the picturesque has been retained to keep the reader's attention fixed and to make it both interesting and attractive.

In this work Mr. Clowes appears in the triple character of author, editor and compiler, but call him what we may we must acknowledge that his work is well done. This was to have been expected, for his literary experience has fitted him peculiarly for a work of this nature. For many years he was the naval critic of the London *Times* and in this capacity it was his duty to write the accounts of the naval manœuvres. An excellent French scholar, he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the French navy also, and his annual *Pocket Book of the Navies of the World* has long been considered a standard work. The cosmopolitan character of his work has necessarily increased his general knowledge while his habits of educated criticism have given him a broad vision which prevents his work in this case from becoming too insular. He was one of the first of English writers to recognize the good qualities of the seamen of the American navy as he saw them at the Kiel Celebration, while his criticism of the Italian seamen at the same time was so frank and unsparing that the captain of the Italian flagship declined to receive him on board of his ship.

These qualities of authorship, combined with the scope of his general knowledge and the evident harmony of his combinations so far, lead us to believe that the work in its entirety will be eminently satisfactory. He has not attempted to appropriate any of the material which belongs to the novelist, he has borrowed no romantic colouring from ballad or chronicle, but by judicious grouping of characters and events, by a careful arrangement of important details and by his mastery of the art of diminution, he has imparted a special interest to what at first sight, might be considered a group of heavy tomes fit only for the shelves of a reference library. There is an evident dexterity of arrangement and with it pleasant art of narration which makes the work at once a pure demonstration of progress, an interesting account of events, and an accurate statement of facts.

The first volume covers the period from the earliest history of the Britons to the Tudor Age and, though it is probably the least interesting from the reader's point of view, it covers the period of greatest development and is impressed with the personal influence of those whose names deserve to be most closely associated with the rise and progress of the British navy. Up to the latter part of the ninth century but little had been done in the disorganised Saxon kingdom to obtain power on the sea. Their vessels were small, undecked, propelled by oars, the largest being rarely more

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than fifty tons burden. It was Saxon Alfred who first realised the nature of the sea power in an effective manner and he created a great fleet which enabled him to treat on even terms with so powerful a monarch as Charlemagne and he, even in that early day, laid down as the guiding rules for himself and the generations to follow, two maxims which have been scrupulously followed by Great Britain almost continuously from that day to this; they are, "He who would be secure on land must be supreme at sea," and "The principle of offensive defence is the only sound one." Under his successors the navy was neglected, however, and had almost disappeared at the time of the invasion of William the Conqueror. The conquest of England by the Normans, however, strengthened the connection between England and the Continent, but its naval progress was slow until the middle of the twelfth century. Under the Angevin kings the navy attained at times a splendour and prestige which it had never before approached, and the reign of Richard I. saw the opening of a new period in English naval history. For the first time the fleet undertook a distant expedition of conquest; for the first time a regular code of naval law was established; and for the first time, England headed a great naval combination of the Powers and publicly took her place in the front rank of the maritime States. It was during this period also that great strides were made in the civil administration of the navy: some of the most important steps were the creation of the system of prize money; the enlistment of the seamen; the impressment of ships and men; the establishment of lighthouses; the adoption of the naval ensign; the utilisation of the directive powers of the magnetised needle; the charter of the Cinque Ports; the fixing of the scale of pay; the creation of the rank of Admiral; and the use of ordinance. These were all distinct steps in the march of improvement although at the end of the period the navy had begun to retrograde rapidly. Its history however closes with the account of the victory over the French off the South Foreland, and this story shows that the naval spirit was not dead. It concludes with this commentary which is especially interesting in the light of recent events, and which embodies a vital principle of naval strategy:

> Here was another example of French ignorance or neglect of the laws of the influence of the sea power. It is true that the potential fleet on this occasion was a small one, of less than half the numerical strength of that which Eustace commanded; but even an inferior fleet must be regarded as a potential one until it has been either beaten or safely sealed up in port, and no Admiral is justified, no matter how great his strength, in deliberately endeavouring to carry out some ulterior operation, such as the landing of troops, or the throwing ashore of supplies, while any hostile fleet no matter how apparently feeble, exists free and unbeaten in his neighbourhood.

At the assembling of Parliament in 1346, a question came up which in its discussion and settlement elucidated a vital principle which is also peculiarly instructive and which is stated by the author with great clearness:

> Parliament requested that the sea might be defended at the king's expense only, and that the people might be released from the burden. The reply on behalf of the sovereign was to the effect that the ancient practice must be continued; and that there was no better way of defending the sea than by fighting abroad. Parliament then, as on many other occasions, seems to have believed that the safety of the Narrow Seas and of the coasts could be insured by the retention of the fleets in home waters and that there and not on enemy's confines was the proper place for the navy; while professional opinion took the sounder view and advocated an offensive defense as the sole effective one. This conflict between popular and technical opinion re-arose continually in after ages; and, although the naval view often won the day, it can scarcely be doubted that the ignorant opposition to it frequently, and sometimes very dangerously, hampered the thorough effectiveness of the fleet.

Another very important event narrated in the civil history of the period between 1424 and 1440, and which has never been brought out prominently, is that during this period the fleet practically ceased to exist. Under Henry VI. one of the first orders in council had directed the sale of most of it apparently to pay the late king's debts. How little of national feeling there was in the land and how entirely the navy was regarded as the personal possession of the sovereign will appear from the fact that the council parted from the fleet without a qualm and that the people quietly suffered the iniquity. For the two years ending August 31, 1439, the whole outlay in the Royal Navy was only £8 9s. 7d. After the sale of the

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navy, the police of the Narrow Seas, so far as it was carried out at all, was carried out by contractors. The contract system was identified with the Lancastrian dynasty, but as soon as the Yorkists gained sufficient power, they vigorously set about ending it and so early as 1454, measures with this object were adopted. The long war, or rather, series of wars which began in 1588 is treated very carefully with full consideration of cause and effect, while the story of the defeat of the Spanish Armada is given so graphically and thoroughly that it is by far the the most interesting chapter in the book. In this account there occurs a paragraph which once more strikingly shows the dominating principle which has always been followed in the management of the Royal Navy and which reads almost like the history of to-day, or if not that, it will at least suggest possibilities to all who study the methods under which the present war is being conducted.

> The objects of the Armada were effectually frustrated; but, when the immediate danger was overpast, thinking minds began to ask themselves whether, after all, the general policy of national defence would not be furthered rather by attacking the enemy in his own waters than by merely checking his attacks on England; the victory over Armada had been won in English waters, and within sight of the English shores. Should the struggle have been fought out there? Ought it not have been fought out in Spanish waters, seeing that Queen Elizabeth claimed to be sovereign of the Narrow Seas, and that, granting her claim, her realm had been actually invaded, and that the invasion had been repelled after it had insulted her territory? These and similar considerations led to the adoption of an active policy. The moral value attaching to a vigorously offensive defence obtained recognition, and it was determined vigorously to attack Spain at home ere she should have time to organise a new offensive expedition.

The terse and incisive language in which this principle of offensive defence is frequently laid down shows how absolutely it has been adopted by Englishmen of all times as a definite rule of action for their navy, and the events of the present war show how successfully it worked under Dewey in his attack at Manila, and how its neglect resulted in neutralising the Flying Squadron under Schley. History is of no value except for the lessons it teaches us and the instruction derived from history written as this is, is practical to a degree. Probably, at no time, could this work be more appreciated than it is now. Readers are educated and appreciative, and interest in the narrative is intensified by the thrilling events that are occurring from day to day. The world to-day is more than ever dependent on the sea power of the nations and the story of the development of the sea power of the greatest maritime nation in the world is of more than ordinary interest to the people of the Great Republic of the West who have always found in their navy the great bulwark of national defence.

John C. Soley.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU AND ANTHONY HOPE.*

While one cannot well complain that the Virginians were the grandsons of Henry Esmond and Lady Castlewood, it is pleasant to find a writer like Mr. Hope composing a sequel which contains some of the same characters as its running-mate, and remembering so accurately the incidents of his own narrative. Perhaps "running-mate" is an infelicitous term, for it seems to imply that almost any popular novel is likely, for commercial reasons, to have its sequel. A cynical suggestion, surely, and one no doubt quite intolerable to a genuine Anthony Hope enthusiasm. Perish, then, on the threshold, beneath slaps of uncounted fans, he who would protest that *The Prisoner of Zenda* needeth no sequel, and that there is not a widespread eagerness to get Fritz von Tarlenheim's version of what happened after the events recorded by Rudolf the Great. Let us believe, rather, that the original Zenda tale was a mere preliminary to *Rupert of Hentzau*, for surely nothing could have been more incomplete and unsatisfactory than the ending of the former. True love has rarely encountered a greater number of pasteboard obstacles or a situation more urgently requiring a second volume for its amelioration.

*Rupert of Hentzau. (Sequel to The Prisoner of Zenda.) By Anthony Hope. With eight full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. With a picture and plan of the Castle of Zenda, and five full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

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Supported by the sobs of Fritz, Rudolph Rassendyll had confessed that he was not the King. "You are as good a gentleman as the King," the Princess Flavia replied, utterly overlooking the wrong he had done her and protesting that she loved even his "madness," which is certainly ideal. That he loved her, too, there is scarcely room for doubt. Had he not given her a ring to wear forever, and permitted himself to call her sweetheart, and sent to her a message of three words each year for three years? Oh, the horridness of that chapter-heading, "If Love Were All"! Could Mr. Hope even for a moment have questioned whether love without marriage were not a thousand times worse than, say, marriage without love! What, then, were they to do after Mr. Rassendyll had so piously restored the kingdom? Might he not run away with her? Ah, but he knew that it was quite out of the question for the Princess, on the eve of her marriage to the real King, to leave her high estate and consort with a plain Londoner like Mr. Rassendyll. Not that she wouldn't have wished to elope with him, for princesses have been known to wed gipsies and even coachmen; but Rudolf wouldn't have let her; he was so noble. Well, then the King must be removed, and some sufficient motive be adduced for Rudolf's again usurping the throne. Rumour had it that the Princess was now extremely cold towards the King. Heaven knows that, first and last, Mr. Hope had abundant opportunities for disposing of him. There was a long pipe leading from castle to moat, especially devised for receiving his body. One recalls with unwilling joy his several escapes from suppression. Once, in Black Michael's room, his voice was "faint and hollow," and he felt himself "dying by inches." Again, he lay in a "huddled mass," his assailant sworded through the neck. Surely it would be a simpler matter to have done with him for good and all, though much depends, it must be admitted, on whether Mr. Hope has already become inured to the pleasant custom of removing obstacles between lovers. There were Lord Wheatley and that bewildering beauty. Lady Euphrosyne. Was not the young English woman to whom he was engaged eliminated, as by cancellation, when their happiness was at stake? And in the same story did not the villain Constantine's murdered wife "die of a fever"? Surely Mr. Hope is equipped with the modern conveniences for making crooked ways straight. The Princess Osra, whose hair, by the way, like Flavia's was "ruddy," is even more reassuring. Mr. Hope intended that she should marry, although she herself "did not desire a husband, and there was an end of it." Further, he insisted that she should marry the right person, even if she had to experiment all along the line. Now which of these twain conquered? Mr. Hope, of course. We all know how the Princess Osra would have refused Stephen the smith thrice, had he not died when she kissed him; how the Marquis de Mérosailles was kissed three times, once in pity, once in forgiveness, and the third time for a reason which she could not divine; and how the miller of Hofbau, too, would have been kissed but for the flour on his cheek. But, alas! she could love no one of these. When she was bewailing the terrible effects of her beauty and thought seriously of taking the veil that she might trouble honest men no more, she met a swain who read of Helen of Troy and sighed daily by the riverside because that lady was dead; and he it was, the Grand Duke who had so prettily fooled her, whom she came after so many rounds of flirtation to regard as "the sweetest gentleman alive." Certainly such a persevering author, and one who sets so great store by the ultimate triumph of love, will little brook the interference of a king, or a dozen kings.

The question of ways and means is not so difficult. Let us suppose that the transmission of one of the Queen's annual three-word missives to Rudolf were confided to Fritz von Tarlenheim, and that this letter were abstracted from his travelling-bag by one of the King's minions; and that Rudolf, on learning of the event from his trusted friend, repaired immediately to Ruritania determined at all hazards to intercept the letter which was now in the hands of Rupert of Hentzau; and that Rupert, who had unwittingly dealt Black Michael his death, were to become so embroiled in a quarrel with the King that his guilt must lie in preferring the King's death to his own; and that the lodge where this quar-

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rel occurred were burned to a cinder and the King's body rendered unrecognisable, so that it might easily be mistaken for that of Mr. Rassendyll: if Rudolf killed Rupert and destroyed the letter, would there be any evidence either of the King's murder or of the Queen's secret love, or would there be any reason why Rudolf, who had been greeted as the real King and Flavia's husband by all Strelsau, should not continue happily on the throne till the end of his days? Of course, this is the merest speculation. There are other influences than what a contemporary has called "the concatenation of the plot," that of the moon and dreams, for instance, which must be taken into account in the development of a story. No kind reviewer can wish in any degree to forestall the delight which readers will assuredly take in hearing from Fritz's own lips what adventures and renunciations fell to the lot of Rudolf and his adorable Flavia. Suffice it that Mr. Hope has given us generously of his best inventions. Neither sentimentally nor morally has he economised, for no one knows better than he that "economy is going without something you do want in case you should, some day, want something which you probably won't want."

This unstinted distribution of his solid English character among the personages he assembles is one of the reasons, I suspect, why Anthony Hope is such agreeable summer reading. You can depend on it that with all his urbanity and wit he will never be tempted to drive coach and six through your inherited notions of good behaviour,—witness even the hero of *Simon Dale*, who was no prig, we somehow feel, for being proof against the wiles and poutings of Nell Gwynn. As has been said by a very knowing person, Mr. Hope can be read "without interference with the digestive organs." He does not excite opposition, and keeps us amused and awake. When the humidity is rising, those open-faced pages of his invite if any can. Like the elder Dumas, who "requires," says Mr. Lang, "no more than a room in an inn, where people meet in riding cloaks, to move the soul with the the last degree of terror and of pity," Mr. Hope aims, above all, at simplicity. Give him a castle with moat, drawbridge and dungeon, and only a few of the "cast-off clothes of history," and forthwith he can construct a most amusing, if not a soul-stirring, tale. He stakes out the way with sign-posts that a child may understand. There is little of description, or indeed, of characterisation. Phroso had "the most wonderful eyes in all the world," that is about all. The Duchess, who was so indiscreet, was just a nice little woman without a single rememberable trait, except that she was made the vehicle for some of Mr. Hope's neatest epigrams. *A Man of Mark*, Mr. Hope's first published story, sketches very cleverly the politics of an imaginary South American republic named Aureataland. *A Change of Air* relates the sudden rise of a minor poet, for whose manuscripts publishers scrambled, the love interest and its melodramatic climax causing one to forget the improbabilities of the tale and to fancy it realistic. They are all very slight and will not bear rereading; but where is there an equal conversational charm? Just the thing, these, to read after dinner. If Mr. Hope ever entertained a more serious intention than that of amusing his fellow-beings, it appears perhaps in an early story named *Father Stafford*, where he depicts an Anglican priest's struggle between love and celibacy. This, and we should add, *Half a Hero* are, apparently the only stories tinged with a "purpose," and it is not pronounced.

In a recent address Mr. Hope said that romance dealt not with things or incidents, but with people. No doubt we like his own romances because they picture idealised loves and idealised fights. In the summer time one wishes his loves kept idyllic and his bloodshed conducted with a vivid cleanliness. When the Princess Flavia "courtesied low, and put her hand under mine and raised my hand and kissed it," or when "her quick breathing met my stammering sentences," there was a charm in the occasion far exceeding that of the love scenes obtruded on one's vision of a summer evening in Central Park. Rupert's words "I can't kill where I've kissed" have the true ring. And he "rode merrily away" with a gash in his cheek. When Rudolf, not to be outdone by this debonair knave, felt a great thud upon his head, he "felt nothing more." His battered head ached consumedly, and as long as there is no mention of spattering brains, one has a

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nice refined sympathy for him. And when he swam the moat a second time, he carried a bundle of dry clothes on his head, that he might impersonate the King in a suit of crushed, but not wet, tweeds. On page 127 of the sequel, again, we read that "Simon shot an apprehensive glance at Colonel Sapt." This is a kind of war news which one can read without undue perturbation. So long as in the reading it has a glamour of reality, it is high art. Assuredly Mr. Hope does not, as an advertiser wrote, adopt "the old device of giving his hero some bad qualities to make him human." No, he invests him with all the virtues. Dumas's heroes sometimes swaggered and bragged. Mr. Hope's are absolutely beyond criticism. His men are gentlemen, his women are ladies. Their language and manners are invariably polite. "Slept well?" someone asked. "Not a wink," answered Rudolf "cheerfully."

Another quality which contributes to the summery attractiveness of Mr. Hope's books (apart from the buckram covers of many of them) is their atmosphere of coquetry. Of course, Phroso and the Princess Osra are profound flirts, but they flirt not only with their surroundings but with the reader; and so, by word, look or deed, does nearly every other of Mr. Hope's creations. Scarcely had her lover greeted Flavia with a becoming exuberance of affection when dear old Sapt remarked mechanically, "Now to business!" whereat Rudolf, we are informed, "laughed a little." We know that laugh, and join in it. It means that the author loves the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when his characters become tense or oversentimental, he takes pains to suggest in the kindest and least satirical way that these moods, too, have a funny aspect. There is nothing highstrung about Anthony Hope—no glittering eye or skinny hand to hold the wedding-guest. He does not command one to listen, but in a chatty, clubable way, seems to draw up his chair and, between meditative whiffs from his pipe, to spin a yarn which he enjoys as blandly as do his auditors. If he tried to be impressive, or wore the cloak of intense earnestness, or lacked that touch of demure self-consciousness which gives a personal content to his most refined conversational amenities, he would not be Anthony Hope; nor would his stories have the winsomeness, and more than the abidingness, of summer friends. In the matter of coquetry, perhaps *The Dolly Dialogues* are best. Certainly they are the most elliptical, containing silences which are nearly as eloquent as the curve of Dolly's wrist; even Lady Mickleham looked pensively into the bottom of her teacup.

All things considered, however, one likes Mr. Hope better in Strelsau than in London, even the London of Charles II. That is why we ought to think it a little unfair for the present volumes to be illustrated by Mr. Gibson. The latter's summer girls with the wavy hair and smart shirtwaists, and that tall, smooth-faced young man who is supposed to resemble Richard Harding Davis, accord illsomely with the quaint mediæval architecture of Ruritania. Without drawing a line that can be called untrue, Mr. Gibson has curiously transformed the situations and characters of the text. I cannot but feel that Mr. H. B. Wechsler or Mr. H. C. Edwards, despite the fact that the latter made nearly all of the Princess Osra's lovers look like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, were much better suited to their tasks. Albeit I hesitate long and abjectly to express such an opinion when I think of the host of American girls who want themselves, and Mr. Davis, and Mr. Hope, and London and New York and Strelsau, all crowded into a single volume.

George Merriam Hyde.

A LOVE STORY BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.*

A story by the author of *Robert Elsmere* which is first and foremost a love-story; a novel in which through two fascinating volumes, the interest centres about the two familiar figures, the man and the woman, and the one problem to be solved is the age-long question, "Will they two overcome the obstacles which separate them, marry and be happy forever after?"—this is something before which the reverent critic must simply bare his head and be grateful. That the separating obstacles should be of a psychologic and theologic character, is simply to repeat

*Helbeck of Bannisdale. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols., cloth, $2.00.

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that Mrs. Ward is the author; we can but paint as we see, and to her human nature is primarily religious; as she herself says, in the story under consideration, "So long as pain and death remain, humanity will always be at heart a mystic."

The chapter in which these words occur, while full of interest to the student, is the only one in the book in which the story as such makes no progress; the only one which will probably be voted by the general reader a trifle slow; it consists chiefly of a monologue by Dr. Friedland, a personage who has so little to do with the rest of the story, that we are entitled to assume that his "value" is that of the setter-forth of the moral of the tale, and of Mrs. Ward's own personal feeling and opinions. It may perhaps be judicious to consider these first; especially as it gives us at once an insight into all that the book has of plot.

"Fountain," an agnostic and the heroine's father, "took Laura out of her generation and gave her nothing in return. Did he read with her, share his mind with her? Never! He was indolent, she was wilful; so the thing slid. But all the time he made a partisan of her; he expected her to echo his hates and prejudices—he stamped himself and his cause deep into her affections—and then . . . she must needs fall in love with this man, this Catholic. Catholicism at its best—worse luck! . . . What happens? Why of course the girl's imagination goes over! Her father in her, her temperament, stand in the way of anything more. But where is she to look for self-respect, for peace of mind? She feels herself an infidel, a moral outcast. She trembles before the claims of this great visible system. Her reason refuses them—but why? She cannot tell. For Heaven's sake, why do we leave our children's minds empty like this? If you believe, my good friend, Educate! And if you doubt, still more, Educate, Educate."

Beyond what is here sketched the story has nothing that can be called a plot; its circumstances are wholly and entirely the result of the working out of character. In which place it is in point to notice the remarkable advance in characterisation made by the author since the publication of her last novel. Laura is not only drawn with all that firmness of touch and keen insight which made Letty Tressady a joy to the critical mind, but she is distinctly alive, which Letty was not, if we except the single moment, when, with the dawning mother-consciousness in her own heart, she tried on Worth's latest creation to please the dying mother-in-law, whom until then she had so severely detested. Laura, from first to last, stands out before us with the vividness wherewith her own golden hair smote upon the eyes of Helbeck of Bannisdale. And Alan Helbeck himself seizes at once upon the heart as well as the imagination, with such force that we are prepared to join issue with his creator as to whether his eyes were blue or grey. On page 88 she calls them "pale blue;" elsewhere they are dark grey. Blue they were, as a matter of course; not pale, however, but light blue, with a ring, darker in colour, around the edge of the iris. Eyes of this description, when set, as were Helbeck's, in a dark-skinned face, under black brows and lashes, and accompanied with grizzled hair, and thin, high features, have a singularly intensity; unquestionably the alteration in colour is the fault—shall we say, of the compositor?

In the setting of the Westmoreland hill-country, and in the seclusion of Bannisdale Park, the story tells itself with a simplicity, spontaneity and directness which almost obscure the depth of its psychological insight, its sympathetic impartiality, and its marvellous technical accuracy of detail. Compared for example with the luridness of Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian* (there are only two occasions in the life of a reviewer when he should use the adjective lurid; one is in describing the work of Hall Caine, and the other, that of Marie Corelli), how restful to the jaded journalistic mind to perceive that as to Catholic tradition and custom, as to books of devotion, and the "Rule" observed by the tertiaries of St. Francis, Mrs. Ward really knows what she is talking about. Even the feast day, otherwise unnamed, occurring within the Lenten fast, when Helbeck actually ate flesh and drank wine, was we are able to say, probably the Feast of the Annunciation; yet these things might be "gotten up" by any careful writer. Mrs. Ward's transcendent merit is that she gives us Helbeck's feeling for his religion, and that of Laura for her inherited agnosticism, without a single word which a partisan of either side could justly resent as unfair or even overstrained. We say "justly resent," having in view the *odium theologicum* of each—alas! the last weakness of noble minds.

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The book is more than a novel; it might very properly be called "A Study in Subjectivity;" it is a sermon on the necessity of cultivating the objective faculties, the reason, judgment, etc., as a check and guide to the affections and the imagination. It is hardly too much to say, that with the single exception of the accident in the steel works (told with a vivid swiftness which leaves the reader absolutely breathless), there is not a single sorrow or difficulty distressing any of the characters, that would not have been prevented or removed by training. But this,—"Training,—Obedience," are said to constitute the secret of the Jesuit. Undoubtedly; for what they mean is the moulding of the subjective self according to a fixed pattern, while modern thought—Protestantism, or what you will—recognises the right of the individual to develop according to a separate and individual pattern. Generations who have lived and died for this right, leave it to their children, not as a right, but as a necessity. This was the fundamental issue between Helbeck and Laura; the one, trained, obedient, and saintly after the Jesuit model; the other a mere wild pagan; it is the revelation by her lover of his deepest self that breaks the tie between them; when Love proves stronger than this inherited Necessity, the true self finds refuge in self-destruction. The catastrophe is not arbitrary or sensational; but from the earliest pages of the tale is inevitable.

But what of the mere "thrill" of the story; the quality which alone attracts the general reader?

The ancient house of Bannisdale Park, whose antique furniture had been sold for the benefit of Catholic orphanages; the Westmoreland scenery, painted with a lavishness of colour, an irrepressible affectionateness which the author rarely permits herself; the peasantry, the rural gaieties, the variety and the fidelity of the characterisation,—these make it a book for which to be grateful. And perhaps femininity may be allowed to be grateful on another account, not only to Mrs. Ward, but to modern thought. Yet how many women readers will understand why the passage quoted from the life of St. Charles Borromeo should so have offended Laura? Why her cheeks burned, and she flung down the volume of Alban Butler? Why she was "that evening, more difficult and exacting than ever with the man who loved her, and could yet feed his mind on the virtues of" that particular saint?

Helbeck of Bannisdale is Mrs. Ward's *Meisterwerke*; a book to silence cavillers, and to admit the author into the highest rank of novelists; it is a book to be read at least twice, once for its "thrill" and then for what we have called it, "A Study in Subjectivity;" but its final and crowning merit is that the ordinary reader will certainly pronounce that so far as he can discover there is no such thing as subjectivity in it, but that all the people only act "just so.'"

Katharine Pearson Woods.

LOVE IN THE GHETTO.*

In the crowded panorama of the Ghetto, one figure stands out in picturesque relief. It is a sleek, prosperous old man, shambling in gait, oily in speech and calmly complacent in demeanour. The proverbial shrug is his and the patronising manner too. And yet he wields a more powerful influence over the destinies of his orthodox brethren than all the rabbis of the church. He carries in his long tailed coat the key to marital happiness; he hawks human hearts with religious grace and with the sanction of the Most High. This ungainly old man over whose temples the black curls of deep piety hang in thick profusion is the *Shadchan*, the professional match-maker of the Ghetto. His domain is the sisterhood of Israel and his mission, the congenial union of his fellow creatures. Mr. Cahan deeply appreciates the virtues of the *Shadchan* and combines with his understanding a sympathetic notion of the quaint humour of this son of the Ghetto.

When the apparent disintegration of Jewish life was at hand in the twelfth century, when the altar of Hebraic sacredness, the home, was trembling, the *Shadchan* came to the rescue of his unhappy people and with a remarkable disregard for time and distance, age and beauty, united the wandering and the

*The Imported Bridegroom and Other Stories. By Abraham Cahan. Boston: Houghton, Mffliin & Co. $1.00.

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oppressed. When the emergency demanded he married the brides by proxy. He was then a racial necessity. Circumstances have removed the conditions that led to his existence, but the *Shadchan*, having once tasted of the sweets of his patrimony, has never let go. Through all the centuries that have passed, he has waddled through the Ghettoes, waxing fat and dispensing the joys of matrimony with no niggardly hand, provided of course, that there was sufficient inducement in the other palm, to warrant the proceeding.

The *Shadchan* is ignored in the opening story which gives the book its title. Here the maker of matches meets his mortal enemy, the American dollar. Then he is put to rout and only then. Ordinarily the *Shadchan* withstands humiliations and social discomforts with amazing kindliness. The man who imports the bridegroom for his daughter has not been an East Side landlord in vain. So he rattles his gold, takes down the highest priced man available, and then invokes the aid not of the *Shadchan* but of the Scriptures. For it is written "that one should be ready to sell his all in order to marry his daughter to a scholar." The savant has always appreciated this and regarded it as a special dispensation. He has thrived accordingly. Mr. Cahan develops admirably the interesting complications arising. There is the unfailing concession that the American Jewess, Ghetto-born, makes to surroundings and life. Tradition is one thing and the all-absorbing and fascinating glitter of a new world is another. One by one the Ghetto ceremonies crumble away as cherished illusions. Instead of the obedient child of the Continental Ghetto, the father is face to face with an American girl, a self-willed, democratic offspring of unrestrained environment. The Talmud-steeped foreigner is spurned. But the importation comes around. He succumbs with ready adaptability to his surroundings and becomes a Philistine. Then the dream of love is realised at the cost of time-honoured hopes. And the father who has mapped out his safe berth in the hereafter sees it fade away. Like the pious Jew that he was, he wrapped his praying cloth more firmly about his shoulders, turned his face longingly toward the Holy Land and sighed for the grateful shades of the cedars of Lebanon.

"The Imported Bridegroom" marks the unmistakable distinction between the American and the foreign Ghettoes; with one it is the absolute freedom of thought and action; the other sees still the observance of ancient formalities, the infinitely slow breaking away from old creeds. Between the two retreats of the Hebrew is the one link, the great bond of love born out of suffering and the memory of kindred oppression. Mr. Cahan has admirably demonstrated the conditions that warrant the radical departure from the old régime of the Jewish quarter.

More characteristic is "A Providential Match," suggestive of courtship by proxy and through the all powerful efforts of the *Shadchan*. He negotiates by mail and possibly by telegraph. He fails to consider that while one may make love quite successfully over a long distance telephone, the man at the other end has the better chance. So he reckons without the actuality of the thing and the hopeful groom waits at Castle Garden for his dream lady to find that the man who had gone along with her has captured the prize. This was not the *Shadchan's* fault. Except in specific cases and fees, he does not guarantee the constancy of long distance love making.

But the truest note of all is in "A Ghetto Wedding"—a tender pastel of the dark streets. There is no *Shadchan* here to force the fires of love. The flame is fanned by sympathetic heart throbs. Nothing is more expressive of the absolute triumph of the Jewish love than this young couple with their eyes turned longingly toward that wedding canopy that seems never to be the reality; then the pathetic farce of it all, and the return to whitewashed walls where love triumphs and where is ever the sancity of Israel's affection. Over the stories is the faint glamour of the Ghetto, that place sacred for ages to the faith of the Hebrew; by the Gentile untrodden, where candles gleamed on spotless cloths; where dark-eyed dreamers and sages evolved the mysteries of life; where were enacted the old tragedies of earthly suffering and with it all, the sweet breath of peace—for Israel's mission is peace. *J. F. Marcosson.*

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"THE STORY OF A PLAY."*

The Spirit of Romance dragged herself wearily out of her lair. If you could have seen her in the dim light before she emerged you would have supposed her to be a young and pretty girl; but one glimpse of her in the sunshine would have shown you that, though she still kept her *petite* and graceful figure, the marks of age had been finely stamped upon her face and shone spitefully through the false brilliancy of her complexion and her lips, through the tinsel of her hair, through the hard glitter of her eyes. This morning her hair was touseled and she looked sadly bedraggled. As she lay in the sun a dapper youth, in clothes of the latest fashion, and with a frank smiling face, approached and greeted her amiably.

"I expected to find you here," he said.

"Did you?"

Her question sounded like a grunt.

"Yes. I knew that new book of Howells's would bring you out. Now that's what *did* bring you out, wasn't it?"

"I guess that's what brought *you* out fast enough," she replied sneeringly.

He laughed at her evasion.

"You always look particularly chipper," she went on, "whenever Howells comes out with anything new."

"Well, you see," he remarked ingenuously, "I've just finished it, and it has freshened me up immensely. Now you must acknowledge, it is an immensely fresh book, isn't it?"

"Bah!"

She turned away, unconscious of betraying by this exclamation one of the surest signs of old age.

"Oh, come now. Be fair. Tell me what you thought of it? You've read it, haven't you?"

"I read it when it was running in *Scribner's*. I have to take Howells in small doses."

"I've noticed that peculiarity about you people who don't like Howells. You're so impatient to read him that you rush for every magazine he appears in. You don't seem to be able to let him alone."

She applied to this remark the contempt of silence, and to humour her he allowed the silence to continue for a dramatic interval. Then he remarked:

"Now I keep from reading a novel of Howells's till it appears in book form. Then I can appreciate it as a periectly rounded work of art. Of course, you'll acknowledge that in the matter of technique we haven't any one to compare with him."

This statement seemed for a moment to thrill her with youthful energy. She literally *flared* up.

"Technique! Anyone would think from the way you talk there was nothing in novel-writing *but* technique. And what else is there, I'd like to know in *The Story of a Play?* There's no story, in the first place, and no excitement, nothing to move your blood or to stimulate you or——"

"Or to give you grand thoughts and aspirations and help you to lead a nobler, higher life"—he continued, mockingly.

By this time the fire in her had burned down. "Talk to me about Howells," she said contemptuously.

She seemed so feeble that her adversary was driven to momentary magnanimity.

"I admit that there is very little story in the book, but such a story as there is Howells makes intensely interesting. And that's just where his work is so wonderful. In this last novel, he makes you feel as he does in all his stories—that plot is the last thing he has thought of."

"Aha! You acknowledge that, do you? Well, I'd like to know what worse charge you could bring against a story-teller? How can anyone *be* a story-teller if he hasn't any story to tell?"

He let her enjoy her point; he even smiled with her. "I've heard that so often before," he said, plaintively. "And do you know," he added with lofty generosity, "I quite agree with you."

She looked at him suspiciously, knowing his trick of pretending to make a point against himself and then suddenly turning it against her.

"But then," he went on, "realists don't try to be story-tellers."

"Maupassant!" she snapped with a wry face.

"He wasn't a story-teller. He succeeded in making people think so by the

* The Story of a Play. By Wm. Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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brilliancy of his art. He fascinated his readers and convinced them that his episodes were stories. But they were mere episodes just the same. Of plot there is almost none."

"How about his master—that monster, Flaubert?"

"Oh, you're thinking of *Madame Bovary*, I see. But there's very little plot there. It's merely the record of a life."

"Such a life!" she exclaimed with disgust.

"Not so very extraordinary after all. If it were extraordinary the book wouldn't be half so valuable as a human document. And that's just what the realists are after—that's what Howells is after—humanity, the reproduction of character."

"But that isn't fiction, that isn't romance, that isn't what amuses readers. You know as well as I do that that's what fiction is for—to amuse."

In spite of the disparity of their ages, he could not help assuming the paternal tone that one so easily adopts in the presence of defeat and disappointment.

"My dear child, I admit all you say—with a reservation. Romance, the old fiction, used to amuse everyone and it still amuses a great many. But some of us," he went on, as if he were representing a constituency, "are amused by it no longer. In the language of the day, we're onto it. But we had to have something to supply its place; so we substituted realism, which is, after all, nothing more or less than romance made rational." He hesitated, apparently feeling that his speech had become a trifle pedantic. Then he coughed and went on: "Now that is just what the enemies of realism can't understand. They think that fiction, to be enjoyable, should be irrational, that is, exaggerated, or as they say, more interesting than everyday life is—as if there could be anything more interesting than everyday life."

At this the little spirit yawned. "Oh, you make me tired," she said.

He burst into his vexatious laugh. "I'm ashamed of you—using such vulgar, common language."

"Association with you is certainly corrupting me."

"I admit that you have lately grown less far-fetched and more logical," he replied kindly. "But, as I was going to remark, the trouble with you and your followers is that you don't understand the kind of pleasure lovers of realism get out of such a book as *The Story of a Play*."

"No, I don't," she said sharply, as if certain that the matter was out of the range of explanation.

"It's simply the pleasure of verification."

"What in the world is that?"

"It's the quality," he replied with impressive deliberateness, "that lifts realism above mere story-telling and makes it a source of pleasure that is genuinely intellectual."

"Whew!" she said.

For the first time he showed a little impatience. "I see you don't understand what I mean. It seems impossible to explain to—to——"

"To anyone but a realist."

"To anyone who likes the old-fash—well, the plot business. But perhaps I can illustrate my point by *The Story of a Play*. That is interesting because, even if you don't know the semi-literary, semi-theatrical life it describes, you recognize it as true and as delightful because it's true, because it has been so accurately observed and reproduced. There you have it!"

"Is that all?" she replied, blinking at him sleepily.

"That would be a great deal even if it were all; but there's much more. There's Mr. Howells's exquisite English for example, so simple, so apt, so ——"

"Technique again!" she sniffed.

"Excuse me, that is only one element of technique. There are others. The perfect balance of the work is another element. And then how skilfully the movement is maintained, how evenly!"

"Yes, an even slowness, a harmonious monotony. It reminded me of the tortoise in the race with the hare."

"Successful, if I am not mistaken," he remarked softly.

"Yes, but I haven't heard that any record was broken."

He went on as if he hadn't been listening. "Last of all, and perhaps chief of all—at any rate, that's what gives *me* most pleasure—the insight into character."

"Into women's character?" she almost shrieked.

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"Yes, he is the most subtle in describing women. Oh, I admit that all his women are not pleasant and that there is a resemblance between most of them. But in *The Story of a Play* how natural and how clever that young Boston woman is—the wife of the young dramatist hero, I mean! What a shrewd bit of observation Mr. Howells gives when her relentlessly Bostonese father and mother come to see her in her little apartment and look out in horror on the elevated railroad under her window. There's not another American novelist who could give so characteristic a touch as that. And then that other woman, the actress, Mrs. Harley, the woman with the smouldering eyes, how vividly she is portrayed with just a few strokes, with just a phrase, in fact. And the wife's jealousy of her even before she has met her, could anything be more shrewdly and insidiously done? Of course, even you will agree that the actor Godolpin, with the mellow, hollow laugh, a work of art in itself, you'll agree that he is one of his most amusing studies? In fact it's about the only character that gives Mr. Howells's humour a chance. In that respect, I confess that I was a little disappointed in it—in some of his books the humour is so frequent—it comes in flashes you know—it always helps to develop character."

By this time the little spirit had laid her head on the ground in an attitude of despair.

When he looked into her face he saw that she was fast asleep.

John D. Barry.

MR. WYNDHAM ON SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.*

Since we first foregathered with Mr. George Wyndham in his quality of critic as the editor of North's *Plutarch* in Mr. Henley's sumptuous Tudor Translations, we have more than once turned a wistful eye upon the book-lists desiring "another of the same," as the Scotch psalms in metre have it, another occasion for Mr. Wyndham's lucid and delicate gift and method. That has come to him in his edition of Shakespeare's poems, which, after a few false starts, is at length before us. To the making of these editions there is no end. There was scarcely an excuse for adding to their number, save by beating his rivals, yet this, we think, Mr. Wyndham has done. It is scarcely conceivable that we shall ever have the "Sonnets," and "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece" in a volume at once lighter to hold and more beautiful to look upon, and Mr. Wyndham's preface and notes appear to us to approximate to perfection. The only people who have a case against Mr. Wyndham are—paradoxically—his reviewers. They are given "no show." There is nothing in his part of the book to gird at beyond a bare suspicion of "strain," an occasional reminiscence as of another and a well-known and characteristic hand in collaboration. "In truth 'twas a dare-devil age of large morals and high spirits." It gives one pause when Mr. Wyndham thus dismisses the seduction of Mary Fitton by Herbert, "who utterly renounceth all marriage." It was unnecessary to improve the occasion by moralising; but neither the hardness nor the ring of the phrase is Mr. Wyndham's, who, by no means, requires to pick up the scraps which fall from other men's tables. Indeed, an almost uncanny felicity of phrase is his great good fortune. He has an easy grace of manner for everyday use, a stately note when the occasion needs it, and probably he writes best, unconsciously, when he does not try to write too well. The picture would have been better if the painter had taken less pains. But Mr. Wyndham's matter stumps the *advocatus diaboli*. This critic is neither to be arraigned for ignoring the personal aspect of the "Sonnets," nor for over-rating that tiresome and uncomfortable equation, which, for our own part, we would thankfully relegate to some literary page (if there is one) in the "society" papers. We had sooner that "W. H." had been Southampton than Pembroke. We think it a shade likelier that he was in fact Pembroke, but we do not care. Mr. Wyndham arranges the materials from which any man, who cares, may choose his W. H. We are mugwumps in the matter, and refrain from voting. It concerns us more closely that Mr. Wyndham has spun out of the stuff of his authorities a piece of exquisitely coloured tapestry. It shakes its

* The Poems of Shakespeare. Edited by George Wyndham. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.00

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folds, and the fire-light falls in their turn upon one and another gay and sinister figure of the forgotten or the dimly remembered. Now it is Mary Fitton, the dark lady, of tragic fortune.

> There is a memorable mask of eight ladies; they have a straunge daunce newly invented; their attire is this: each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a mantell of Carnacion Tafete cast under the Arme, and their Haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. These are the maskers—my Lady Doritye, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Onslow, Mrs. Southwell, Mrs. Bes Russell, Mrs. Darcy, and my Lady Blanche Somersett. These 8 daunce to the music Apollo bringes, and there is a fine speech that makes mention of the 9th much to her Honor and Praise. Delicate it was to see 8 ladies soe pretily and richly attired. Mrs. Fitton leade, and after they had dune all their own ceremonies, these 8 lady maskers shoose 8 ladies more to daunce the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her to daunce; her Majesty asked what she was; *Affection*, she said. *Affection* is false. Yet her Majestic rose and daunced.

And Mary, you read, "would put off her head-tire and tucke upp her clothes, and take a large white cloak and march, as though she had been a man, to meet her lover, William Herbert." Or it is, "My Lord Herbert is practicing at Greenwich, I sent him word of this; he leapes, he daunces, he singes, he gives counterbusses, he makes his horse muve with more speede; he thanckes me, and meanes to be exceeding merry with you this winter in Baynard's Castel, when you must take physicke." Mr. Wyndham is not less but more successful in the conjunction of clearness and charm with which he presents that most famed campaign the Poetomachia, and that share in its skirmishing which conjecture may assign to Shakespeare. He is almost as much at home in the period as a contemporary critic might be with the epoch of Sir Henry Irving; not only Marlowe and Massinger, Ford, and Chapman and Ben Jonson are familiar to him, but Greene and Tom Nash, as who should say Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero.

But Mr. Wyndham, if he gives his readers their fill of information, knows very well that scholarship is by no means a name to conjure with in this matter. It seems an end which any editor might have achieved, and yet nothing so distinguishes Mr. Wyndham among editors as his insistence on the value of the Sonnets as poetry, and poetry only. We have talked ourselves or been talked into a way of regarding these fountains of unexampled beauty as metrical contributions to the *Chronique scandaleuse*.

"And who," says Mr. Wyndham, intent on the exquisite response of Shakespeare's art to the inspiration of beauty, "need care whether his 'Sonnets' were addressed to William Herbert or to another? A riddle will always arrest and tease the attention; but on that very account we cannot pursue the sport of running down the answer, unless we make a sacrifice of all other solace. Had the Sphinx's enigma been less transparent, it must have wrecked the play of Sophocles, for the minds of the audience would have strayed at the outset; much in the manner of trippers to Hampton Court, who spend their whole time in the Maze. Above all, must the mind be disencumbered, clean, plastic, when, like a sensitive plant, it is set to receive the impression of a work of art."

Of this kind of writing, we may say that it comes not save by knowledge and great pains, and Mr. Wyndham's are rewarded.

C. W. Boyd.

RECOLLECTIONS.*

These books of recollections have been written in fulfillment of obligations. The writers owe to us less favoured persons some record of their unusual opportunities. They have "known everybody," as the saying is—at least all the recognised, dignified celebrities of the last forty or fifty years. Dr. Max Müller has trusted to his memory; yet where his jottings are about anything of interest, they are not vague in essentials, though a little oversmoothed by his general determination to say only good-natured things. His stories, new and old, are good. Only the reflective and argumentative passages, and all such as are not narrative, betray how hastily and lightly the book has been written. Bulwer Lytton's *Coming Race* is not so unknown that *vril* need be

*Auld Lang Syne. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. With a portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

Notes from a Diary—1873-1881. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

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elaborately explained. And though the learned professor writes Englisn with astonishing fluency and correctness, perhaps one or two of the things that puzzle us in so simple a book may be put down to the inevitable limitations of an alien born—his habit, for instance, of seriously combating a paradox or an obvious exaggeration uttered in jest. For that he is not wanting in humour is abundantly proved.

Of the musicians, the men of letters, the royal personages, and the beggars, who provide the matter, the second are the most fruitful in good stories—though the godson of Weber, who had likewise the honour of being counselled by Mendelssohn to give up music save as a recreation, has much of interest to say concerning the musical world of nearly half a century ago. But some of the best things in the literary chapters are quite non-literary in origin—that, for instance, of his tobacconist neighbour in Paris during the February revolution, an *aristo*, who satisfied the revolutionists and his own sense of humour by writing beneath his sign, *Aux trois blagues*, the fashionable words, *Liberté, egalité, fraternité*. Professor Max Müller has gone through life ever with an eye for the fun of the situation, even when it had a doleful side. After he had devoted a whole lecture to disposing of the idea that Hebrew was the source of every tongue, an imposing old lady thanked him for his beautiful address. "How delightful it is to know," she said, "that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise, and that all the other languages of the world, English not excepted, have come out of Hebrew and out of Paradise!" But Macaulay as an audience was not much more satisfactory. The historian had asked the Oriental scholar to call on him and discuss the new regulations for the Indian Civil Service. Müller went primed with facts in support of the necessity of Eastern studies, but he never had a chance of putting in a word during the hour that Macaulay disserted breathlessly on the perfect adequacy of English for all Government purposes in India. When the historian had talked himself out, he courteously thanked his suppressed visitor for the useful information he had given him!

The second book, a continuation of the record of which the first part was given to us a year or so ago, is a more systematic affair. The diary form is adhered to, and one is hardly conscious that the book contains only extracts. It is a reflection of a many-sided career, of a nature to which nothing human—provided that it be likewise dignified and cultivated—is alien, and thence spring its charm and its weakness. The journal was used for jotting down bits of stray information, the names of travelling companions, visitors, fellow guests at social functions, subjects of conversations, brief descriptions of scenery, scraps of botany, notes of political events, stories, jokes, quotations that had impressed the writer, and even riddles that stuck in his memory. There is a great deal of serious trifling; there are many trivial and many dull entries. But taken as a whole it makes an interesting, readable, and unusually panoramic book. It is also, we have found, eminently unquotable. But Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is an excellent *raconteur*, when he has found the right material. He never spoils a good story. Here are one or two bright things from his collection. Some one said to D'Orsay of his wife, "Elle a de l'esprit." "Elle a nos phrases" was his answer. He tells one of the best of all the diplomatic stories. The Danish Prime Minister said to the French envoy, who was asking that the little kingdom should support France in the war with Prussia, "If France is by any chance defeated, she has a great deal to fall back upon, but we risk our all." "C'est vrai," said the other, "mais après tout, c'est si peu de chose." Here is a *mot* of Guizot's. Some one remarked in his presence that the *Times* could not be bought. "Oh! le *Times* est impayable," was his answer. Now for the turn of English wit. It was maintained at Lewes's one evening that everybody had written a tragedy. "Yes," said Lewes, "every one, even Herbert Spencer." "Ah!" interposed Huxley, "I know what the catastrophe would be—an induction killed by a fact."

The title of *Collections and Recollections* suggests the variation of the third book from the others. Mr. Russell has also known and conversed with many interesting people; but he does not trust to his own experiences alone. Family traditions, other people's memories, news-

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papers and books, have helped him to his pictures and stories of statesmen, men of letters, and obscurer persons no less fruitful in anecdote. Lest we should mislead, let us assure possible readers that his book contains consecutive accounts of men and things which are important contributions to the history of the century. But we do it no wrong in regarding it mainly as a collection of excellent stories. In that respect the other two cannot compete with it. A chuckle must run through the wide circle of its readers when they learn that the Duke of Wellington once refused to accept the dedication of a song by Mrs. Norton "because, in his situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had been *much exposed to authors*." Will a shudder run through a smaller circle at this? "To a company of enthusiastic Wordsworthians who were deploring their master's confession that he got drunk at Cambridge, Mr. Shorthouse, the accomplished author of *John Inglesant*, soothingly remarked that, 'in all probability, Wordsworth's standard of intoxication was miserably low.'" The stories of the famous late Master of Trinity—of whom it was said, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels. Who is able to abide his frost?"—are not all new; but they are all good. Indeed, Mr. Russell's academic collection is excellent. Amongst them may be numbered Sherbrooke's reply to the advocate of modern studies who said, "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle." "But not that contempt which familiarity breeds, I should imagine," said Sherbrooke. When our collector culls from open sources, he culls fastidiously and with success. But why did he add a comment to this?—"The great-niece of a Lord Chamberlain to King George III. requires a situation as a Companion to a lady, or Cicerone to young ladies. Her mind is highly cultivated. *English habits and Parisian accent.* Apply, etc."

WEALTH DISTRIBUTION.*

As compared with the clockwork creatures of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, the men and women on whom Mr. Dawbarn builds his theories seem almost to have the breath of life in them. They are at least partly human and not wholly allegorical. And yet there is the same perfect faith in the efficiency of a system, and somehow as the beauty of his devices grows on him in the telling, the actual world slips away, and the reader finds himself treading the old familiar Utopian soil again. This is not because these devices are impracticable, for his suggestions are often shrewd and sensible, but because he looks for too stupendous results from their adoption.

The main point in his argument is that with the increased productiveness of labour under modern conditions, there is enough for everybody and to spare. The trouble is not with the production but with the distribution of wealth. Our first aim then should be not to produce more but to divide more fairly. This, he thinks, can be done without infringing on property rights. He would have trades unions buy off the competition of outsiders, by subsidising them and finding other work for them to do. If four hundred men can now do the work which it would have taken a thousand to do at the beginning of the century, the superfluous six hundred must not be inhumanly shut out from employment altogether. The successful and necessary four hundred should provide for them. It is a pity that any class should suffer from the bounteousness of nature and the increased ingenuity of man. He looks to trades unions as the most hopeful means of curtailing competition and at the same time providing for the would-be competitors.

There is nothing revolutionary in this proposal. Trades unions already subsidise to some extent their unemployed. But are there no counterbalancing disadvantages in his plan? Restricting the number of workers means the curtailment of production. The curtailment of production means the increase of prices, and it is generally thought that the labourer benefits in common with others from the cheapness of necessaries. The limitation of production does not seem a good way to add to the wealth of the working classes, for what is the source of their income, if not product? Yet Mr. Dawbarn seems to think that wages have

* The Principles of Wealth Distribution, by C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited. 1896.

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no relation to the results of labour. He says, "What governs wages is the number wanting work, not the intrinsic value of the work." The plan may be a good one but it involves losses as well as gains. He dwells only on the gains.

It is impossible without writing an economic treatise to discuss all his other suggestions in regard to the problems of unemployed and underpaid labour. One more illustration will perhaps suffice. He would have the state spend the money now wasted on poor relief, in founding a home colony of those in receipt of such relief. Estimating their number at five hundred thousand in Great Britain he shows how a beautiful city might be founded and become self-supporting with no greater outlay than is required by the present system of charities. This is an extension of the principle of the labour colony. In outline his plan appears feasible enough but its details seem rather fantastical. With the enormous sums spent by the state in relieving the poor, it would seem as if under proper direction the poor might become self-supporting. There is surely an economic waste in the present system. Under it organisation is defective and labour power little utilised. According to Mr. Dawbarn's scheme the inhabitants of this city of "New Hope" are to be divided into groups, each group living in a common hall and taking their meals together. There is a system of graded messes. At one table food of excellent quality and beer are served; at another, food of the same quality but no beer; and at a third, poor and scanty food, possibly only bread and water. Any member of the community whose industry shows signs of flagging is degraded from the first to the second table, and, if he is incorrigible, to the third. The main incentive to industrial activity is therefore food, and a still higher stimulus to ambition is beer, though of course the pressure of public opinion is expected to make things unpleasant for the persistently idle. He pictures everything as working admirably as a result of these and other simple expedients. But without raising specific objections, it may be urged in a general way that a city made up of five hundred thousand persons all chosen on account of industrial failure or social unfitness would probably not be the Elysian community which he describes. There is a mountain of scepticism to be removed before we can be persuaded that an artificial system can be invented for making all men industrious and well-to-do. Mr. Dawbarn probably attaches too much importance to the hope of beer and the fear of bread and water, and too little to the rest of the human nature that is in man. For things to run as smoothly as he predicts, the population of the City of New Hope should be angels and not paupers.

Frank Moore Colby.

MR. DAVIS NODS.

Richard Harding Davis not long ago confessed to having become so bored by the priggish young society woman whom he had chosen for the heroine of *Soldiers of Fortune* that when three-fourths done with the story he unceremoniously dropped her and finished with her younger sister. Hope saved the day for Mr. Davis, at the expense of literary construction and a very nice girl who had never wilfully injured anybody until Mr. Davis made her say those discouraging things to Clay on the pier head. Personally we think Clay treated her rather shabbily, but the author was evidently too eager to be done with them all to take this into consideration.

But there is no Hope in *The King's Jackal*, unless it be Anthony Hope whose preserves Mr. Davis is certainly trespassing upon most unwarrantably, for Prince Kalonay is not a patch upon young Rischenheim, his double in *Rupert of Hentzau*, and the plot by which the bankrupt King of Messina and his sorry band of theatrical puppets mean to retrieve their fortunes would, in the hands of Mr. Hope, hold the reader's interest and create some illusion and romantic vraisemblance. But if Alice Langham bored Mr. Davis it is impossible to understand how he put up with Miss Carson and her mother and the wicked Countess Zara and all the other unutterably dull people whom he has managed to get together between the covers of a single book.

*The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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Archie Gordon, the young American newspaper correspondent, is the most alive of the figures who, as Gordon himself naïvely admits, have made him feel like Alice in Wonderland when he says: "After all, they are only a pack of cards." He is Republican enough to make an ordinary American eagle put his head under his wing in mute embarrassment, and has cheek enough, in the words of Kipling, "to build a redoubt with." It is Gordon who says: "Let me have a chat with Louis of Messina. He's kept me waiting some twenty minutes as it is, and that's a little longer than I can give him." And yet it is this same impudence which gives the one original situation to the book. The duplicity of the king has been exposed by the Countess Zara, the sincerity of the King's Jackal proved, and the expedition—to recover which was originally a ruse planned by the king as a means of blackmailing the President of Messina—is to be continued and put through in earnest for the people of Messina and the little Crown Prince. Gordon, who forced himself upon the party when it threatened the welfare of Miss Carson, the beautiful and fabulously wealthy "angel" of the enterprise, is to remain with it until it succeeds, and is at once knighted and made colonel by the Prince Regent Kalonay! He is also made custodian of the crown, which lies on a table beside the dishonoured king, and is requested to convey it safely aboard the yacht, and his perplexity as to how he shall hold it recalls the perplexities of Van Bibber when he confronted his burglar. In fact it is the first moment in which Mr. Davis drops his play-acting and is content to be himself. There is, perhaps, a little too much of himself in the swagger of Gordon's soliloquy,—for the two heavy villains, the king and Barrat, with whom he is left alone, are much too angry to reply. "There are very few of these left in the world, now, your Majesty," he says cheerfully, "and the number is getting smaller every year. We have none at all in my country, and I should think that those who have them would better take care of them, and try to keep them untarnished, and brushed up, and clean. . . . There ought to be a sofa cushion to go with this, or something to carry it on," he continues. "You see I am new at this sort of thing. Perhaps your Majesty would kindly give me some expert information. How do you generally carry it?"

And there is something quite kingly in the gesture with which the fallen monarch answers him grimly, "On my head." But Gordon keeps the farce up a little longer, then nods and with a preparatory, "Well, I must be going," moves toward the door. "Don't be discouraged," he adds pleasantly, "'It's always morning somewhere,' and in my country there's just as good men out of office as there are in it. Good-night."

The withdrawal of Gordon is the signal for the fall of the curtain while the two conspirators sit silently confronting their ruin in the falling darkness. It does not interest us to be told here by Mr. Davis that "how long a time they might still have sat in bitter contemplation *can only be guessed.*" But we do feel that he should be told with what carelessness he let his idling pen—not once at its happiest in this story—pass on for several paragraphs beyond the place where the conspirators are interrupted by the throwing wide of the two great doors leading into the brilliantly lighted dining-room, while Niccolas, the king's major-domo—the obsequious embodiment of all that he has forfeited, stands a black silhouette against the glare of many candles, and says,—"His Majesty is served!"

We are convinced that this is the true ending of this Alice in Wonderland romance, but Mr. Davis dozed over it and passed it by. He must have been sleeping soundly indeed to have forgotten the many, many boarding-school girls who think he is just lovely, and who will lift their pretty eyebrows at his introducing them to a hero than whom, "there was no one so low and despicable that he could not call him comrade, to whom he had not given himself without reserve," as Gordon describes him to Miss Carson, "a fallen angel called Kalonay, a fellow of the very best blood in Europe and the very worst morals." It is to this very doubtful young hero that Miss Carson turns "with such confidence and love in her eyes that he read his answer." The tenses here are a little mixed, but like her answer, perfectly clear. It is cordially hoped for Mr. Davis's own good that his duties as war correspondent will wake

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him up. The reputation is not made that could bear the strain of two *King's Jackals.*

And why did such a very American newspaper correspondent as Archie Gordon permit himself to be knighted? Was he on the *Journal?*

Marguerite Tracy.

NOVEL NOTES

THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS. By M. B. Francis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The "genius" which—like Captain Kidd's treasure—is supposed to be great, but which is never discovered, has played many parts in fiction as in real life. Most novelists touch it sooner or later in the course of their work, and most of us meet it at some time or another in our struggle through existence. Scarcely any other one thing does more to make living hard than the demands and the exactions of those who have, or think they have, some special endowment which sets them apart from and above their fellows. It does not as a rule matter in the least what this special endowment may be, whether some great intellectual or artistic gift, or merely an uncommonly handsome nose. Its possessor, or fancied possessor, claims the same immunity from the duties and responsibilities that dull folks and homely folks are supposed to owe and are expected to meet. Have not all of us seen the pretty daughter excused from washing the dishes, just as the rest of another family starves in order that the gifted one may study art? It is right, perhaps, that it should be so. It may be but the survival of the fittest. The problem would seem easier of solution if there were any way to know the real from the spurious, but this point is unfortunately the most misty of any, particularly to the "gifted" themselves, who are often innocent impostors.

Such is the genius of this readable story, and the belief that she possesses the divine gift of music is more firmly rooted if possible, in the mind of her sister, the duenna, than in her own. The sister is also young and attractive, but neither she nor any one else takes any account of any attractions and accomplishments possessed by herself, in view of the grand career of the genius. Everything must be sacrificed before that altar. It is a situation written about and witnessed only too often. The familiar story is better told than usual, and the two sisters, two Hungarian girls, are realised with uncommon distinctness. They come to London, the genius in search of fame, the normal sister to find any work, however humble and hard, that will earn bread and butter for the genius and a crust for herself. The great gift is supposed in this instance to bend in the direction of the violin, and at one of the fashionable houses where the genius undertakes to play and breaks down, the girls meet a young man and the love story begins. It is the intention of the young man at first merely to aid the efforts of the normal sister in advancing the career of the genius, and the way and means which he resorts to furnish a curious revelation of certain social conditions in London. Of course, he fails. It is not permitted in England, or perhaps in any sophisticated country, for a young man to advance a young woman's career. By heroic endeavour he drags a few of the smart set to the public recital which he has arranged and the completeness of the genius's collapse convinces all concerned—even the genius herself—that there has been some mistake about the gift. The promptness with which both sisters visit their anger and disappointment on the mistaken young man furnishes one of the most perfectly natural situations of the book.

IN KINGS' HOUSES. By Julia C. R. Dorr. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

It is interesting to find Mrs. Dorr writing fiction and it is pleasant to find her doing it so well. This new novel has the graceful style of *The Flower of England's Face* and *A Cathedral Pilgrimage*, and the story itself has charm. The work is historical, having as its background those stormy times in England following Queen Mary's death. It begins while the sanctimonious William reigns in the place of the reprobate Charles, and while Anne is a princess trembling at her own shadow, too weak to be true to her own father and too soft-hearted to be wholly false to any one. The first sight of her is in the cottage of Dame Dorothy, who has nursed the Lady Anne Stuart when a child. Anne has a child of her own now, Gloster, the little son, whose early death leaves her desolate, and there is a beautiful boy in the cottage who passes for Dame Dorothy's grandson. Between the two little lads a friendship springs up at sight and lasts to the end of the young Duke's life. Afterward, when Anne becomes Queen of England, she does not forget her son's friend, and does what she can in her timid, half-hearted way, even against the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough, who has part in the story, as she had in everything concerning Queen Anne. The reader wishes there might have been more about her, since she is a far more interesting and picturesque personality than Anne herself. But the fiery Sarah hardly accords with the gentle spirit of the story, and the author has doubtless shown a wise knowledge of her own limitations in giving few glimpses of Sarah, and those at long range. The story is quite full and complete, as it is, dealing mainly with the career of Robin, the little Duke's child friend, who is discovered when the proper time comes, to be the son of a nobleman exiled for devotion to the ill-

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fated House of Stuart. For, though Robin is a very Apollo, a veritable Sir Galahad, the eternal fitness of things in novels and out of them forbids his marriage with a beauty of the court until his birth is known to match with hers. And so all is well, and the book is closed with the wish that the author may write more romances of the history of England, which she knows so well.

PIERCE AMERSON'S WILL. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Colonel Johnston's work has so long held an enviable place apart, that it seems almost an impertinence to make anything like critical mention of a new book by him. It may, however, be permitted a loyal admirer of his large achievements to express regret for the absense of most, if not all, of the old charm. The homely faithfulness to the region which the author has given a place within the literary horizon is as marked as ever. The appeal to the highest and truest in lowly life, made by everything that the author has written, has not weakened in the least. The types of the tale are as distinctively products of the soil as most of the author's creations are. But this is merely the body of his, or anyone else's work. That subtler part which can alone give life to the best cannot be found in this new book. The feeling of the poet that transfigured the *Dukesborough Tales* does not illuminate this homespun story. The exquisite humour that made delightful the commonplaces of the *Widow Guthrie* has disappeared. Truly only the bare bones of the author's humble model are left. Pierce Amerson and his sons and his daughters-in-law are ordinary people, jogging along the lines of the proverbial Georgians. The struggle over the father's money may reveal human weakness wider than the State of Georgia, but the revelation brings no new conviction. The press drags through the hackneyed theme. The bad son's influence over the failing father, the good son's dull helplessness, the final forgery of the will, the trial, the exposure, the general righting of wrongs at the end, are all set forth in the orthodox way. It is only to be complained that that indefinable quality so conspicuous in the author's earlier work should not have remained to lift this familiar tale above the level as it has lifted so many.

TALES OF THE CITY ROOM. By Elizabeth C. Jordan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This city room is the point of view from which a woman reporter sees the world. It is of course mostly a gloomy vista, disclosing scenes of suffering, of sin and of crime, for, more's the pity, these are the phases of life with which great dailies have most to do. But the disclosures are made with such delicacy and tenderness that they carry sympathy as well as conviction. The beautiful spirit of the work will perhaps be a revelation to many. The popular idea of the reporter is not of him—especially not of her—as a ministering angel. Quite the contrary. But those who really know need not be told that the men and the women who, through their profession of newsgathering, come closest to the city's seamy side, are often able to be more helpful than professional philanthropists, for the reason that they touch what the others cannot reach. The ten tales of the City room show this without argument, and gain effect from an impression of reality. Indeed, in two or three instances, notably in "The Passing of Hope Abbott" the newspaper reader of reasonably good memory will require no assurance that the stories are actually founded on fact. A single paragraph brings the silent tragedy back. "A woman had starved to death in a lonely little cottage. She had been an educated woman—a teacher. She had lived alone and apparently friendless. . . . She went out only to offer poetry to the newspapers and when the end came she was awaiting it with a grim pride which not even death could conquer." Yet it was only one of the many ineffably piteous happenings that fill reportorial observation and the only unusual feature of the case is the author's acute perception of its pathos and romance. For it would seem that the most sympathetic must become more or less inured to what is encountered at every turn no matter how piercingly piteous. Yet sympathy, deep, true, sweet and unfailing, marks the whole work so distinctively that the effect is larger than the work itself, and its appeal is unusually far-reaching.

FOUR FOR A FORTUNE. By Albert Lee. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

This is a long tale of adventure of the familiar kind which has held a large and unwearied audience ever since the search for buried treasure began, away back among the earliest unwritten and written history of romance. The story starts off, too, with the circumstantial air that convinces, and travels with the confidence that carries one along. The starting-point is the accidental meeting in a New York restaurant of two Americans and a French sailor. The Frenchman has in his pocket a half-burned chart which seems to lead to hidden riches on a small island off the coast of Newfoundland. With this as a basis of action an exploring expedition is organized, the proprietor of the restaurant making the fourth member of the party. Then follows, of course, the hunt for the treasure, which leads the adventurers first to Halifax and thence to Sydney and St. Pierre. There is always a degree of fascination in a well-told treasure hunt, and this one is never allowed to lag. There is also satisfaction in the fact that the fabulous riches are actually found, even though they must be accepted first in the form of gold brick. Having secured the treasure the adventurers go on to lose it, as tradition demands. The usual meeting takes place on the ship during the voyage back to New York, but the climax departs somewhat from the main travelled road of the hidden treasure romance. There is the inevitable shipwreck, of course, but the manner of its occurrence brings the tale quite up to date, through the medium of an ocean liner. "A great dark object rose out of the sea abeam and climbed high into the fog, like some huge ocean monster rearing itself to fall upon its prey. Terrified we fell back, and with a bellowing roar

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of the whistle and a hissing of the parting water the great iron steamship crashed into the Merry Madge, cutting her clean in two between the masts, and with a groaning and scraping of timbers, charged onward through the wreck and dove again into the thickness of the mist." It seems rather remarkable, even in a romance which completely ignores the probabilities, to hear of a little schooner being cut in two by a giant steamship, and the halves left afloat with scarce a quiver. But there was jar enough to send the treasure to the bottom of the sea and so the story is brought to a satisfactory end. On the whole it bears favourable comparison with the countless books of its kind.

ACROSS THE SALT SEAS. By John Bloundelle. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

In that it deals with Spain and naval warfare there is a certain timeliness to this story, but other merit than that timeliness it is hard to detect. The tale consists of an historical pattern lavishly embroidered with fiction, such as so many authors are fond of nowadays. There are buccaneers and treasure-trove, and mortal combats and hairbreadth escapes, and all the rest of the stock in trade which goes to make up the story of the "top-boat school." The "salt seas" have really very little more to do with it than the terra firma; but the reader likely to find pleasure in the book is not likely to cavil at that. From time immemorial romance has ever loved a heroine in doublet and hose, and this romance is no exception. The hero is of the conventional type, deaf, dumb and blind to things apparent to the most ordinary of readers and he never recognises the heroine as the heroine until about the penultimate chapter. The heroine's father and his Sidney Carton style of sacrifice is sure to appeal to the emotional many. The narrative, all told in the first person, abounds in duels, concerning which, however deadly they may appear to be, the reader can get up no very real alarm, as he knows that "I" is sure to come out all right in the end or the volume could never have been written. The style of the book is rather agreeable than otherwise. It essays to treat of stir, life and action and its words have contrived to catch and to keep some of the spirit of these things. But taken as a whole—motive, plot and performance—the book has the fault of so much latter-day work—it stands upon a dead level of mediocrity. There are no mountain peaks of passing, much less of surpassing excellence to command attention.

THE BROOM OF THE WAR GOD. By Henry Noel Brainsford. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.25.

The Broom of the War God is inspired by the same theme as were Pain's fireworks at Manhattan Beach last season—the Græco-Turkish war. The effects attained by each are not dissimilar. He who saw the fireworks and he who reads the books gets the same general impression of much smoke and some little flame with considerable uproar and immense excitement, not to speak of dust, débris and devastation. There is also the suspicion that neither representation is so very far out of the way. Where such an unequal conflict as the Græco-Turkish war is concerned, more or less artistic verity might have assumed too much. There is little plot to *The Broom of the War God*. Its purpose, as set forth on the title-page, is as follows: "All the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, the ragged edges of society swept up by the broom of the War-God." This adequately describes the author's manipulation of his materials and his characters. There isn't even anything so definite as a hero, the Crown Prince being the central if not the most creditable figure of the scene. A hint of love story justifies the singing of "Annie Laurie,' the playing of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and the following reply of the flotsam and jetsam when asked to give an account of themselves—"Cherchez la femme." *The Broom of the War God* may be accurate description, but as a tale it lacks the persuasive flavour of general interest to make it appealing.

THE MILLIONAIRES. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

There were a good many millionaires lounging about the English resort of the Riviera where the scenes of the story are laid. Mr. Moore has no doubt obligingly written his novel to show that there is nothing to be afraid of in the strange creatures, who much resemble the rest of the world, save in their good luck. It is a much more aimless story than we are accustomed to from this lively writer, a good deal less cynical, perhaps a little more conventional, but just as energetically witty as ever. *The Jessamy Bride* is a thing apart in Mr. Moore's record. There he may not have been working in his own vein; but he had a very fair success in working a better one borrowed for the time being from some one else. In *The Millionaires*, though the material is indifferent, he is his own unrestrained, vivacious self, with a sneer ready for all opinions that are not those of his set, and abundant sentimental sympathy for the troubles, especially the heart troubles, of those comfortable people with no opinions at all.

COMEDIES AND ERRORS. By Henry Harland. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

Mr. Harland is always amusing, and the more so that it seems to cost him so little trouble. There is no straining after incident, or after subtle characterisation. Within his own world—a very special world, of course—it is the common rather than the abnormal things and people he strives to reflect, provided always the common human things and persons have graceful ways and clothes and habits of speech. Good-nature, grace and youth are the favoured qualities in the very pleasant expurgated edition of the *Vie de Bohème* which Mr. Harland is editing in, let us hope, a very large number of volumes. His observations extend outside artists' quarters, extend, in fact, to wherever the *bourgeois* does not enforce his stiff manners. So here, in *Comedies and Errors*, we have scenes in petty courts as well as in studios, and royal per-

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sonages are made to appear quite as human and quite as entertaining as those of lower degree. "The Queen's Pleasure," "The Invisible Prince," and "Merely Players," all of them dealing with the possible humours and consolations of court existence, are, we think, the best of the collection. There are gay stories and sad stories, and one rather heavy tale, "The Friend of Man," the subject of which Mr. Harland should have left to the serious moods of his master. But sad or gay, the tales are all good-humoured and well-bred, and, with the one exception we have named, certain to amuse.

THE GOLFICIDE, and other Tales of the Fair Green. By W. G. Van T. Sutphen. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

Many will have read these stories in *Harper's Weekly*, where they originally appeared, and will remember (if they be golfers), the humorous and pleasant way in which they carried one away to the driving ground and the putting green. The cover of the book is, in itself, very alluring, with green sides, the colour of the softest and most yielding clover, red back (only a fair approximation of hunting pink), and a creamy white title, the veritable white of a Silvertown gutty—in short a golfer's cover.

The stories are frankly impossible romances of the links. Some of them are very amusing, but in others the illusion fades, and the semblance of probability is rather thin. It is a book solely for golfers, and to those not sharing the enthusiams of golf the book will be but "a fountain sealed." For those in the guild, however, it should pass a pleasant hour, for does it not tell of a man who could drive three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, in fact any number of yards, with unerring accuracy, and with only a wooden putter, too? Does it not relate the experiences, thrilling, pathetic, humorous and tragic, that a neophyte must perforce undergo in his career? Does it not make golfing by moonlight possible? Who does not want a cure for golfomania? One is suggested here. Who would not welcome phosphorescent balls or magic mashies? What shall be done to a ball that is putted fairly and squarely into a hole, and then disappears? Answers to these queries may be purchased for one dollar.

KRONSTADT. By Max Pemberton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Messrs. Appleton have just published a new novel by Max Pemberton, entitled *Kronstadt*, which is an abbreviation of *A Woman of Kronstadt*, under which title it has been running for some months in *Munsey's*. We think there can be no doubt that *Kronstadt* is, in every way, the most finished and most successful novel Mr. Pemberton has written. The plot is original, daring, dramatic, and most skilfully worked out. The climax is particularly striking, for though quite unexpected and startling, it is convincing, and at the same time satisfactory. But *Kronstadt* is something more than a breathlessly exciting story of adventure. Mr. Pemberton's style is gaining in distinction and polish, and the care which he has lavished on even insignificant characters is more than repaid. Each figure in the story is firmly realised and clearly portrayed in a few strong lines. As a picture of Russian military life and manners *Kronstadt* is admirable, and we feel that we should recognise General Stefanovitch, and Bonzo, and Prince Talma, and Paul Zassulic among a thousand. Mr. Pemberton is to be congratulated on the production of a really fine novel, and on its possible dramatisation.

THE LONDONERS. By Robert Hichens. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Hichens happily succeeds in disarming criticism by labelling his novel "an absurdity," for a real absurdity is just absurd, and *voilà tout*. We suppose *The Londoners* was written as a kind of literary recreation, but if Mr. Hichens will listen to good advice he will drop such an unhealthy, exhausting form of exercise without delay. There are one or two very smart sayings in the book and more than a few genuine laughs, and some day he will be exasperated to find that he has buried away such useful "copy" in a rather vulgar harlequinade. *The Londoners* is clearly an indiscretion. A man like the author of *Flames* who suffers at times from a superfluity of imagination should play golf.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY. By Yetta Blaze de Buoy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

A GROUP OF FRENCH CRITICS. By Mary Fisher. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

These two books have been written with an admirable purpose in view, and will go far to enlighten and inform the student of French literature and criticism. More and more we are feeling the influence of French thought on our life and letters, but we are woefully ignorant of the sources of that influence. It is gratifying also to note that we are gradually ridding ourselves of the antiquated prejudices and ignorant superstitions regarding the nature and characteristics of French literature. We no longer subscribe to the once prevalent impression that French life is wholly frivolous and pleasure-loving, and that French literature is of the sewers and gutters. Such books as Mr. George Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature* are only too common and are responsible to a great extent for the vicious and superficial generalisations which we gather into our minds of the literary workers and their product in France. In a caustic article which Edmond Scherer has written on this very book the evil we speak of is fastened on and deservedly held up to scorn. "Mr.

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Saintsbury," writes Scherer, "shares a caprice common to many of his fellow-citizens, but which is unpardonable in him. He knows all our blustering writers—those who acquire notoriety by affectations, by coteries, sometimes by scandal. He is familiar with the opinions of second-rate journals and adopts them with confidence. But, on the contrary, wherever there is any originality, any native manner of writing that is pleasing to cultivated minds, it escapes him." The trouble is that, like Mr. Saintsbury, most of us know French literature through the "blusterers."

Both authors of the books under review are sensitively alive to these facts, and have set themselves to furnish us at first hand with certain knowledge of the makers of French literature that shall enable us to see them in a true light and to study them in a just perspective. Mlle. de Bury has pictured a series of literary portraits of the representative modern French romancers and essayists, and writing from Paris, the pigments which she has used for her colouring in these sketches preserve for us the native tone and characteristics of her subjects. No other recent book that we know fills so admirably the vacant niche on our shelves which it aims at supplying. The same might be said for *A Group of French Critics*, when we bear in mind especially the quality and spirit of the work. The author of this book has written it from a desire to do justice to that side of French character and French literature which we have commented upon as having been so generally ignored by the Anglo-Saxons. To this end she has introduced us to a group of French critics, whose work aims at "that scrupulous, free research which restores a character worthy of memory, or points out the nobleness of works of genius and the unalterable value of devotion to knowledge," to quote Villemain. She has essayed, and with commendable success, to sketch, in rapid yet firm outlines, the personality of the critic and to make us feel acquainted with the man behind his work. Translated extracts from their works embodied in her biographical studies further enhance the value of her presentment of her subjects and give us at least a hint of the quality of their contributions to literary criticism. The result of these books should be seen in a quickened interest in the work of the authors treated and in a more intelligent understanding of the unique place which they occupy in the world of letters.

OUTLINES OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY. A popular study in Physiography. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Shaler's bald title does not do him justice. It is too modest and gives only the barest idea of the richness of the contents which lie between the covers of his book. From its first page onward it reads like a romance and holds the attention with engrossing interest. On the one hand he has avoided the mere technical treatment of his subject which would have reduced it to the limits of a text-book, and on the other hand he has preserved scientific accuracy and the results of careful research in his field without sacrificing these to the rhetorical clap-trap which so frequently characterises what are called popular studies. The story of the earth is of interest to the student of nature primarily and chiefly as it touches and influences the life of man. This essential human interest is what gives Professor Shaler's work its peculiar value and attraction. "The object of this book," to quote his introductory sentences, " is to give the student who is about to enter on the study of natural science some general idea as to the conditions of the natural realm. As this field of inquiry is vast, it will be possible only to give the merest outline of its subject-matter, noting those features alone which are of surpassing interest, which are demanded for a large understanding of man's place in this world, or which pertain to his duties in life." This study embraces a treatment of "Ways and Means of Studying Nature," "The Stellar Realm," "The Earth," "The Atmosphere," "Glaciers," "The Work of Underground Water," "The Soil," and "The Rocks and Their Order." Professor Shaler's book is to be commended for the able and interesting manner in which he has handled these themes and has shown us how this earth has been the well appointed nursery of mankind. There are several full-page illustrations, and a good index.

THE CENTURY ATLAS OF THE WORLD. Prepared under the superintendence of Benjamin E. Smith, A.M. With 117 double-page maps in colour, 138 inset maps, 40 historical and astronomical maps, and indexes of places, rivers, mountains, etc. Published by subscription. New York: The Century Company. $12.50.

The Century Atlas of the World is an entirely new work, designed to exhibit the latest geographical knowledge of all parts of the earth's surface. A careful examination of all its parts shows that it is the first really comprehensive, up-to-date atlas of the *whole* world. European atlases have strangely neglected the United States, and American works have as a rule been generally unsatisfactory in their treatment of Europe and the far East. No other work of a similar character contains the results of the latest explorations in the Arctic regions, in Central Africa, and in other remote parts of the globe. *The Century Atlas* gives these as well as the most recent political changes, such as the new boundary of Greece resulting from the late war, and the limits of the new Greater New York. The different political divisions and the mountains, rivers, lakes, seas, cities, towns, and villages are not only given, but numerous charts display in a most interesting manner the world's past history, from the Chaldean period, nearly six thousand years ago, to the present day. The geographical and historical information contained in the volume is as comprehensive, as up-to-date, and as authoritative, and the execution of the maps is as beautiful, as could be made by a liberal expenditure of time and money. The work has been prepared with the same care and thoroughness, and under the same editorial management as *The Century Dictionary* and *The Century Cyclopædia of Names*.

It is worth while noticing, too, that on the practical side *The Century Atlas* has made a

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notable advance. The railroad lines, for example, instead of being printed, as is usual, in black, with the resulting confusion, where their courses lie close together, with rivers, boundaries, or other black lines on the map, are printed in red, thus increasing not only the legibility, but the beauty of the whole; the maps of the United States and Mexico are marked with contour-lines (lines of equal elevation above the sea), by means of which the heights of mountains and the average elevation of the more level regions can be seen at a glance; the spelling of foreign names is accurate, consistent and simple; and the same regard to practical utility is shown in every other part of the work. This is most conspicuous in the form of the book itself; for so far as we are aware—and only lately we had occasion to search for this very desideratum—it is the first great atlas yet published which can be placed as conveniently on one's table or in one's bookcase, and can be as easily handled as a volume of an encyclopædia. This important result has been secured by the judicious arrangements of material, and by the novel method of binding.

BIRD STUDIES. An Account of the Land Birds of Eastern North America. By William E. D. Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00 net.

This is one of the most beautiful bird-books that have been published this season, or any season. Its numerous full-page illustrations from photographs taken from life have a practical value as bird studies that is too frequently lacking in such pictorial representations. The treatment of the subjects in these illustrations is most artistic, and the workmanship calls for the highest praise. We give pre-eminence to this feature of the book in our notice because in a work of this kind where the great expenditure lavished on the illustrations makes the price higher, its value in this particular must be tested and approved if it is to be heartily recommended. In *Bird Studies* the lover of outdoor recreation and the student of natural science will be fully recompensed by their purchase. The book is an invitation, as the author puts it, to a more intimate acquaintance with the land birds of Eastern North America. By word and picture the birds are portrayed with great care and accuracy and with a simple graphic power. The text is the result of original notes based on field work accomplished during the past thirty years. The author, recognising that the two intangible factors in identifying birds, are song and colour, has, while giving to these an adequate attention, concentrated more observation and description on the obvious and certain means of identification through form, extending this to the nests, their structure and contents. The work makes a most handsome quarto volume of 363 pages, binding and printing being both of an excellent quality.

THE SPANIARD IN HISTORY. By James C. Fernald. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book has little intrinsic merit beyond that of timeliness. Gibbon, Prescott, Irving, Rule and Motley have written exhaustively on the character and achievements of the Spaniards, early and late; but we neglect them strangely for the latest journalist who comes along with a popularised, up-to-date dilution of Spanish history. Current events have brought the Spanish people into such marked prominence that there is likely to be no end to the literary hash served up to whet the appetite of a voracious public. Large masses of people who have never even heard of the authorities named above are ready to take at second hand whatever comes along. Mindful of this fact, Mr. Fernald's enterprise and perspicacity are admirable. He has brought his editorial gifts of assimilation and condensation to bear upon the extensive repositories of the past, and now offers us a comprehensive and succinct narrative of the confluent forces which have begotten the salient features of Spanish character and an account of the results arising from Spanish dominion over acquired territory. Two outstanding features are thus discovered as influencing and directing the whole course of their history, namely, personal valour to an heroic degree and a wanton misapprehension of the purposes and possibilities of the territorial fruits of conquest. By their sublime bravery the Spanish flag has been carried to almost every corner of the earth. But lacking the virile fibre and solid sense of the wise Romans of old and the wise Britons of to-day they have totally missed the rational methods of inducing permanent productiveness and lasting intra-colonial adhesion. *The Spaniard in History* supplies briefly a summary of the birth and growth of these characteristics during the formulative periods of Roman, Barbarian and Saracen invasion and their destructive effect upon the Spanish reign in the Peninsula Kingdom, in Mexico, Peru, the Philippines and in the West Indies. The book recommends itself as a valuable temporary foot-note to the greater histories of history-ridden Spain.

IDLE HOURS IN A LIBRARY. By William Henry Hudson. San Francisco: William Doxey. $1.25.

Such unpedantic and aimless browsing among books as the title of Professor Hudson's rambling studies recalls induces in the reader the very mood which fits a perusal of its delightful pages. "Among my books" is always a subject of perennial charm to the lucky mortal possessed of the gift of reading, a subject upon which he will bear all manner of garrulous and egotistic talk. There is an unacademic flavour about the old-fashioned themes treated in this volume which is suggestive of the delight of wandering through a neglected garden whose beauty and fragrance are none the less an unfailing source of pleasurable sensations. "London Life in Shakespeare's Time" forms the subject of the first paper; "Pepys and His Diary" follows; "Two Novelists of the English Restoration" are unearthed next, and "A Glimpse of Bohemia" helps to complete the delight experienced in the renewal of old associations. The author's enjoyment of his task is evident throughout, and the reader who likes nothing better than a holiday with a fellow book lover will find a contagious enthusiasm for the old things in literature in the company of the author of *Idle Hours in a Library*.

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THE BOOK HUNTER

Perhaps the most popular book of the last few years of the fifteenth century and the early years of the sixteenth was *The Ship of Fools*, of Sebastian Brandt. It was first printed at Basle, in German, in 1494, and was shortly afterwards translated more or less literally into the principal languages of Europe, going through many editions. The work was a satire on the times in the form of a description of a ship laden with fools of all classes. Max Müller calls it "the first printed book that treated of contemporaneous events and living persons, instead of old German battles and French knights." Its popular character is probably the explanation of its wide circulation.

The first translation into English was made by Alexander Barclay, in 1508, and printed by Richard Pynson, in 1509. Barclay states that his version was a translation "from Laten, Frenche and Doche." It is, however, much more than a translation, deserving almost to be called an independent work, the idea only being taken from Brandt's work. Barclay in his "Argument" says: "But concernynge the translacion of this boke; I exhort ye reders to take no displesour for yt, it is not translated word by worde acccordinge to ye verses of my actour. For I haue but only drawen into our moder tunge, in rude langage the sentences of the verses as nere as the percyte of my wyt wyl suffer me, some tyme addynge, some tyme detractinge and takinge away suche thinges as seemeth me necessary and superflue." It was written in the language of the common people, or in his own words:

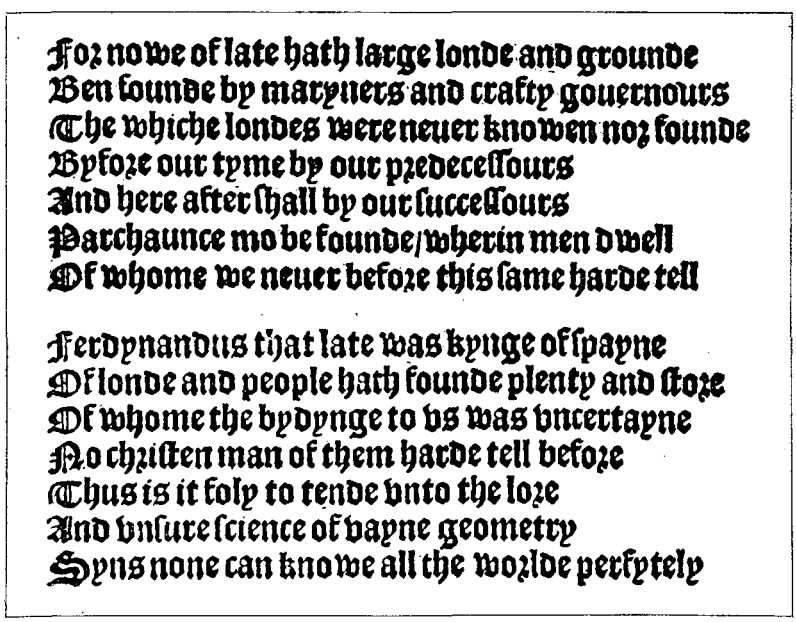
"My speche is rude my termes comon and rural
And I for rude people moche more conuenient
Than for estates, lerned men, or eloquent."'

And it was written about the common people and gives probably a clearer picture of English civilisation and English country life in the days of Henry VII. than can be found in any other work.

The book is considered one of the best specimens from Pynson's press, yet Barclay apologises quaintly for the typographical errors and, like authors in all ages, tries to throw the blame upon the printer:

"Though that some wordes be in my boke amys
For though that I my selfe dyd it correct
Yet with some faultis I knowe it is infect
Part by my owne ouersyght and neglygence
And part by the prynters not perfyte in science
And other some escaped ar and past
For that the Prynters in their besynes
Do all theyr workes hedelynge, and in haste."

The volume contains 118 woodcuts, which must have made the book very attractive to the readers of those days, as they do to the



For nowe of late hath large londe and grounde
Ben founde by maryners and crafty gouernours
The whiche londes were neuer knowen nor founde
Byfore our tyme by our predeceſſours
And here after ſhall by our ſucceſſours
Parchaunce mo be founde/wherin men dwell
Of whome we neuer before this ſame harde tell

Ferdynandus that late was kynge of ſpayne
Of londe and people hath founde plenty and ſtore
Of whome the bydynge to vs was vncertayne
No chriſten man of them harde tell before
Thus is it holy to tende vnto the lore
And vnſure ſcience of vayne geometry
Syns none can knowe all the worlde perfytely

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collector now. These woodcuts are coarse and rude imitations of those used in the original edition.

An abridged prose translation was made from the French by Henry Watson and printed by Wynken de Worde, the same year, 1509, and a second edition was brought out by the same printer in 1517.

Barclay's translation was not reprinted until 1570.

This is a meagre reference, sixteen years after Columbus' return and twelve years after Cabot's voyage, but it is the earliest in English.

The reference in Watson's prose translation is even less definite. It is as follows, we copy from Mr. Harrisse:

"The thurde the whiche is unknowen Of prystes that neur had ben manyfeste, was the not founde with the eye, and not with the herte. There was one that knewe that in ye ysles Spayne was enhabytantes. Wherefore he asked men of kynge Ferdynandus, & wente & founde them, the whiche lyued as beestes."

Of Wynken de Worde's edition of 1509 only a single copy seems to be known, that being in the Paris National Library, and on vellum. Perfect copies of Pynson's edition are rare and prices have advanced from £2 4s in Dr. Farmer's sale in 1798 to £130 in the Perkins sale in 1873 and $750.00 in the Ives sale in 1891. This latter, a fine, large copy is now in the collection of Mr. Marshall C. Lefferts in New York city.

This first English edition is of unusual interest for another reason. It is almost without doubt the earliest book, certainly the earliest dated book, in the English language, containing any mention of the discovery of the New World. From the continental presses had appeared many books telling, at greater or less length, of the western discoveries; Brandt's original edition of 1494 had contained a stanza in which these discoveries were mentioned. Barclay in his translation enlarged somewhat upon it, but evidently he had no very definite information about the new lands nor did he have a very high opinion of their importance or of the study of geography. We reproduce on the previous page, in exact fac-simile, the two stanzas by Barclay which refer to America. They occur in his chapter on "The Folysshe Descripcion and Inquisicion of dyuers contrees and regyons."

L. S. Livingston.

THE BOOK MART

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE DIBDIN CLUB.

The Dibdin Club, of New York, has just issued its second publication. This is by Mr. A. Growoll, of *The Publisher's Weekly*, and has the title *Book Trade Bibliography in the United States in the XIXth Century.*

Mr. Growoll first gave an interesting account of various booksellers' associations from 1801, when The American Company of Booksellers was organised, to the present day. This first booksellers' organisation was composed principally of booksellers doing business in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and its purpose was to regulate sales of books by fairs, similar to the book fairs in Leipzig. A fair was held in New York City, in 1802, which seems to have been so successful that others were held at Philadelphia in 1803, at New York in 1804, and at Newark in 1805, after which the association seems to have gone to pieces.

In 1802 was organised the first combination of school-book publishers in New York and Philadelphia, under the name of The New York Association of Booksellers. The object of the organisation was to supply correct American editions of elementary works in general use in schools and colleges and thus do away with the necessity of importing these books.

The Association published a volume of Cicero's orations in 1802, and may have been interested in the "Classic Press Series," published by Messrs. Poyntell and Company.

The first American book trade catalogue was published in Boston, in 1804, with the title *Catalogue of all the Books printed in the United States, with the Prices and Places where Published annexed.* "Published by the Booksellers in Boston. Printed at Boston for the Booksellers, Jan. 1804. Price 10 Cents." This catalogue is here for the first time reprinted, from one of the three known copies, and forms Part II. of the volume. The original catalogue is a pamphlet of 79 pages and the total number of books recorded is 1338. These are divided into divisions: Law, 34 titles; physics, 63 titles; divinity, 259 titles; bibles, 32 entries; school books, 110 titles; singing books, 25 titles; and 796 titles grouped under the head of Miscellanies, besides 19 "omissions." Of the 259 titles in "divinity," the largest class, 64 were printed in Boston, 52 in Philadelphia, 34 in New York, 18 in Worcester, Mass., 17 in Exeter, N. H., and the balance in small numbers in such towns as Elizabethtown, N. J., Hartford, Conn., Walpole, N. H., Schenectady, N. Y., etc.

There is a chapter on book trade helps, 1801 to 1897, a chronological list of catalogues, book trade and literary journals, and a series of interesting sketches of some American bookseller bibliographers, including Orville A. Roorbach, Charles B. Norton, Charles Rudolph Rode, Obadiah Rich, Henry Stevens, Nicholas Trübner, James Kelly, Joseph Sabin, and Frederick Leypoldt. A portrait of the latter is a frontispiece to the volume.

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The first edition of the book is issued in a limited edition of fifty copies, "printed as manuscript" for the club. Fifty additional copies will be printed for sale. *L. S. L.*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1898.

The list of publications for the month past was comparatively light. It contained, however, a considerable number of titles by well-known authors, notably *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *The King's Jackal*, by Richard Harding Davis; *Evelyn Innes*, by George Moore, and *Ghosts I Have Met*, by John Kendrick Bangs. In addition, numerous orders were received for Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, announced for publication July 1. This is a sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and the publishers predict for the book a very large sale, printing a first edition of thirty thousand copies, many of which have already been distributed to the trade in order that the work might be on sale all over the country on the day of publication. Other books included in the publications of the month by familiar authors are *Kronstadt*, by Max Pemberton; *Silence, and Other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins; *The Story of a Play*, by W. D. Howells, and *The Terror*, by Félix Gràs. A number of paper-bound books were also issued, but this class of literature is not so popular as formerly, and but few titles reach any considerable sale.

The demand for war literature continues to a marked extent although the first rush for maps and illustrations of the boats of the navy has practically ceased. *The Spaniard in History*, by James E. Fernald; *Cuba in War Time*, by Richard Harding Davis; and *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Miss E. W. Latimer, have been most sought after.

Several series of short stories suitable for summer reading are meeting with a fair success, the new volumes from *Scribner's* and *McClure's Magazine* being the most called for.

Out-door literature is selling to some extent; the new publications and sales, however, are confined mostly to subjects in connection with birds and flowers.

The revival in works relating to Gladstone continues. *W. E. Gladstone*, by James Bryce, is selling the most, and *Talks with Mr. Gladstone*, by L. A. Tollemache, being a recent publication in this connection. The increasing sales of *The Pride of Jennico*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, and *The Forest Lovers*, by Maurice Hewlett, are but illustrations of the popularity which is sometimes accorded to comparatively unknown authors in a very short time. At the same time, while the public is ready to accept new writers, it remains faithful to those of established ability, as at present shown by the remarkably good sales of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, by Mrs. Ward; *Penelope's Progress*, by Mrs. Wiggin, and *Caleb West*, by Hopkinson Smith.

In miscellaneous subjects generally, including travel, biography and religious books, there is very little activity. Peary's book is evidently too expensive for this time of the year, but it will no doubt sell largely later on.

Business during June showed a slight falling off, and complaints were heard of dull times. The outlook for the summer months indicates an exceptionally quiet season. Should trade conditions generally improve an early and vigorous autumn trade would probably result from the depleted condition of stocks and the attractive lists of publishers, many of whom have already announced and are showing their new lines.

The most popular books of the month were as follows:

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. $2.00.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. $1.50.

The Terror. By Felix Gràs. $1.50.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Ghosts I Have Met. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1898.

June is a month in which very little activity in business is expected, and as a rule trade is very quiet and sluggish. While, however, last month's record was not as good as it might have been in more tranquil times, it was decidedly better than at the beginning, and all things considered a fair amount of business was done. More new books were published than is usual at this time of the year, and a good proportion of them met with a fair measure of success.

Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and *The King's Jackal*, by R. H. Davis, were the most successful of last month's publications. Both these books are likely to sell largely during the remainder of the year.

Many advance orders for Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* were received last month, and this book, which has just been issued, will probably equal, if not surpass, in interest anything else heretofore published this year.

The Forest Lovers, by Maurice Hewlett, is the latest example of an instantaneous success being won by a hitherto unknown author. The past year has been notable for several instances similar to this, of which *The Gadfly*

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and *The Pride of Jennico* may be cited as the best known.

The various books which come under the head of war literature still enjoy the most pronounced call, the demand, especially for works on Cuba and Spain, being very lively. Of these *Marching with Gomez*, by Grover Flint, is in good request, while Mrs. Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* is selling better every day. With customary promptness, several book-selling firms, notably The Baker and Taylor Company of New York, and Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company of this city, have prepared, and are widely distributing, lists enumerating all the books which in any way touch upon the subject.

Publishers' agents are now arriving here for the annual July display of samples of books scheduled for publication during the coming season. Notwithstanding the war, publishers appear to be making extensive preparations, and their representatives are confidently expecting that advance orders will be at least up to the average of the last three or four years.

Caleb West, by Hopkinson Smith, is meeting with remarkable success, the sale of the book last month being astonishingly large. *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, was also very popular. Curtin's translation of *Quo Vadis* is still having a good call, although the unauthorised translations recently published have had, as usual, a depressing effect upon the general demand.

The Terror, by Félix Gràs; *Kronstadt*, by Max Pemberton; *Gladstone*, by James Bryce; *Ghosts I Have Met*, by J. K. Bangs; *Silence, and Other Stories*, by Miss Wilkins, and *The Story of a Play*, by W. D. Howells, were in addition to the books already mentioned among the notable successes in last month's record of new publications.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's Ajax Series of books were received last month, and already promise to be one of the most successful of the new 12mo lines.

New books of recent publication are meeting with a fair demand, fiction and light literature especially going comparatively well. Mechanical and technical books are somewhat lighter in their sales than usual, and generally speaking this is also true of books belonging to the "heavy literature" class.

Although the book trade is to a large extent in an unsettled condition, there are many good indications upon which to base a belief that autumn trade will not fall below the average, and it is possible that it may be above it.

The following books met with the largest sales in the West last month:

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 23 to June 18, 1898.

The amount of busness transacted during the period in question has been about equivalent to that of previous years at this time; in other words, it has been a moderate one. It would probably have been even less favourable but for the unseasonable weather. The country trade is loud in its complaints, and not without reason, considering the manner in which its calling is subjected to attacks on all sides, many tradesmen selling books relating to their businesses, such as the photographic material dealers, seedsmen, opticians and scientific instrument makers. And the aggravating feature of the case is that they obtain the full published price in most instances. There is a fair amount of export business doing and the South African market is developing, as might have been expected, into a very important one.

A noticeable feature of the trade just now is the issue of so many biographies of Mr. Gladstone. There has been such a large number of them that they have competed with each other, but *Gladstone, the Man*, by D. Williamson, has been the most popular. Mr. Gladstone's own writings have been more freely inquired for, especially his *Impregnable Rock of Scripture*.

There have been several issues of standard copyright novels in a sixpenny form. The practice appears to be to print a large edition (one instance of 100,000 can be quoted) and not to reprint in this form. *Robbery Under Arms*, by Rolf Boldrewood may be cited as a case in point, and the publishers state that there has been a distinct impetus given to the sales of the better edition.

Now is the London Guide season, and a large number of new ones have appeared this year. The total sales have been very satisfactory. Little's *London Pleasure Guide* appears to supply a want.

The six-shilling novel is not seen at its best this season of the year, but the appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* has been very opportune. It is the favourite of the moment, followed by *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, by E. T. Fowler, and *The Millionaires*, by F. F. Moore. There has been more in-

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quiry for Miss Braddon's latest novel, *Rough Justice*.

The Wagner celebrations have caused a considerable inquiry for works dealing with this musician's compositions. The one most sought after is *The Epic of Sounds*, by Freda Winworth.

The appended list gives the books most in demand at the time of going to press, and, save in the case of the first three titles, the order has no meaning.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Indiscretions of Lady Asenath. By B. Thompson. 6s. (Innes.)

The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

American Wives, etc. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)

Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s. (Bliss.)

Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)

Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The King With Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

The Impregnable Rock of Scripture. By W. E. Gladstone. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Gladstone, the Man. By D. Williamson. 1s. (Bowden.)

The Epic of Sounds. By Freda Winworth. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. (Dent.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1898, and July 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK UPTOWN.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Love of an Obsolete Woman. By Herself. $1.00. (Fenno.)
3. The Red Lily. By Anatole France. $1.25. (Brentano.)
4. The Terror. By Félix Gràs. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)
5. Marching With Gomez. Grover Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
2. The Terror. By Félix Gràs. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Materfamilias. By Cambridge. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Mlle. de Berney. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Social Highwayman. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
6. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 cts. (Advance Publishing Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
2. Madam of the Ivies. By Train. $1.25. (Lippincott & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
5. Miss Balmain's Past. By Croker. 50 cts. (Lippincott & Co.)
6. Sunset. By Whitby. 50 cts. (Appleton & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. $2.00. (Doubleday.)
5. Emerson and other Essays. By John Chapman. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Gray House of Quarries. By Mary Harriot Norris. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Marching With Gomez. By Grover Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. A Boy I Knew. By Laurence Hutton. $1.25. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Regret of Spring. By Pitts Harrison Burt. $1.50. (Dillingham.)
2. Dull Miss Archinard. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Jessamy Bride. By F. Frankfort Moore. $1.50. (Stone.)
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. $2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
4. Northward. By Peary. $6.50. (Stokes.)
5. Reality. By Geo. A. Sanders. $2.00. (Burrows.)
6. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Francis Wilson. $1.25. (Scribner's.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan: a Fellah. By Henry Gillman. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Development of the Child. By Oppenheim. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Seven Months a Prisoner. By J. V. Hadley. 75 cts. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
3. Romance of Zion's Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (John Lane.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50 (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
4. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
5. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's Sons.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan Co.)

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2. Stephen Phillips' Poems. $1.50. (J. Lane.)
3. Silence and other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
4. Ghosts I Have Met. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Terror. By Félix Gràs. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (F. Stokes.)
5. Head of Family. By Daudet. $1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
6. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan Co.)
3. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
4. King's Henchman. By Johnson. $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)
6. Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
3. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Son of the Revolution. By Brooks. $1.50. (Wilde.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Fighting With Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Nehalem. By Rogers. 50 cts. (H. L. Heath, McMinnville, Ore.)
5. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Caleb West: Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
6. Auld Lang Syne. By F. Max Müller. $2.00. (Scribner's.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
4. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. At You-All's House. By Baskett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50. (Henry Holt & Co.)
5. A Boy I Knew, and Four Dogs. By Lawrence Hutton. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
6. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Rubáiyàt of Omar Khàyyàm. Translated by Fitzgerald. No. 1 Lark Classics. Cloth, 50 cts.; leather, 75 cts. (Doxey.)
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (John Lane.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. Paper, 75 cts.: cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

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2. The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper 75 cts; cloth $1.25. The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper 75 cts; cloth $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. The Birthright. By Joseph Hocking. Paper, 50 cts. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *Kronstadt. By Pemberton. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Cassell.)
2. †John of Strathbourne. By Chetwode. 50 cts. (G. N. Morang.)
3. *Corleone. By Crawford. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. †The Celebrity. By Churchill. 50 cts. and $1.00. (G. N. Morang.)
5. *Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Hutchinson & Co.)
6. †Standard Bearer. By Crockett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Wm. Briggs.)

WACO, TEX.

1. Dreamers of the Ghetto. By Zangwill. $1.50. (Harpers.)

* Colonial edition.
† Canadian edition.

2. The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
3. The Continental Dragoon. By R. L. Stevens. $1.50. (L. C. Page & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Stokes Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner's.)
3. The Celebrity. By Winston Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. The Londoners. By Robt. Hichens. $1.50. (Stone & Co.)
6. Silence, and Other Stories. By M. E. Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper and Bros.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
2. Penelope's Progress. By Mrs. Wiggin.
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward.
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
5. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
6. The King's Jackal. By Davis.

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